TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1539.

B.B.C.'S REPLY TO US — SEE PAGE 11

JOHN BULL

"My job and home were on the Brink of DISASTER"

A once-ailing husband tells his own story of how a miracle of health saved his happy family from ruin

I used to shudder when I read the news of unemployment in the paper. I had a good job and prayed I'd never lose it. But one can never tell. How near I came to disaster, and to what depths of despair I dragged my wife and myself, only she and I know.

We were married shortly after the war. My post in the bank paid a good salary, and after our three children came we moved to Surrey, paying for our home bit by bit. Time rolled happily by—our lives seemed consummate.

Clouds gather

That was two years ago. Then my health failed. I became irritable, tired, down in the dumps. I had been wounded in the war, and put down my condition to this old trouble. Worse yet, my work suffered. I was slowing up, often had to work overtime to finish the day's assignment. And I made several stupid mistakes in balance sheets.

One day the manager said, "Smith, you are next in the line for promotion. But I am moving one of your juniors over your head. Your work has not been up to standard for many months. You are a sick man. I suggest," he continued, "that you take an extended holiday until you are fit again." I felt faint, but managed to protest that I was perfectly fit. What if I lost my job, our home!

I grasp at a straw

That same day I lunched with Gregson, my closest friend at the bank, and poured out my whole miserable story to him. What he told me gave me back my health and saved our home.

"Hazel and I lost our first child at birth," he said, "and I nearly lost her, too. After the ordeal, she wasted away; doctor said she was suffering from nervous disorder and anæmia, and recommended Wincarnis. He explained that Wincarnis is a fine tonic wine that builds and restores strong new red corpuscles in the blood. It contains, he said, beef extract, and the benefits of rich, red wine from sunny Spain. By the time she had taken three bottles, I thought a miracle had taken place. She was her normal, lively self again." I drank in Gregson's words thirstily. Maybe his words would be my salvation.

I am saved

I took Wincarnis home with me that very night. I drank a glass before dinner. It tasted good. It seemed to perk up my appetite and I ate a good meal. My nerves had settled and I slept better than for months. I continued my Wincarnis and in several weeks I felt like a man twenty years younger. What was wrong with me may be wrong with thousands of hard-working men—just run-down and tired-out, a weakened and anæmic condition of the blood.

Helen Writes

My wife, Helen, is by my side, and she wants to add a few words. Here they are:—"I knew that John was ill. I only wish I'd known of Wincarnis sooner. If any other wife should experience what we've been through, I hope these words may catch her eye and be the means of restoring health and happiness to other homes than ours."

"P.S.: If any other wife ever has the experience that we've been through.."

This story was suggested by testimonials in our files. Names and places have been altered out of courtesy to our friends who have been kind enough to write to us about their wonderful experiences with Wincarnis.

Give Wincarnis a trial; it's free

Thousands of men, as well as women, suffer from some form of debility or other. If your nerves jangle easily; if your head aches often and nervous pains shoot through your body; if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, give Wincarnis a trial. Give the combined benefits of the beef, malt, and rich red wine in this fine tonic the chance to build up strong red corpuscles in your blood. You're only as young as your blood; young blood is the sap of life. Wincarnis is sold at all wine merchants, licensed chemists and grocers, two sizes, 5/6d. and 3/3d.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

To: Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 5-R, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps. Please send me a free sample of Wincarnis.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT! WHAT? Making Money selling Drapery Bargains, Silk Stockings, Gent's Socks from 1/11 doz. Pairs. Why not you? Book of hints worth pounds free.—COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER, 4.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39 Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

CROCKERY, 120 asstd. articles 10/-. Dinner sets free. 48 cups, sers., 6/-. Glass & H'ware Catlg. & Guide free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

TOYS, FLASHLAMPS.—Stationery, Hosiery, Smallware, Toilet Goods, etc. W'sale List Free. FOX BROS., 36J., Thomas St., Manchester, 4.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. Easy terms for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 176-page Cat. free.—MAY (123), Birmingham.

HOSIERY, Underwear. Buy for resale. Large profits. No risk. Christmas novelty lists now available. Beginners instructed.—Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday Street, London, E.C.4.

DRAPERY—WHOLESALE ONLY.—VESTS AND PANTS, 6/11 doz. LADIES' INTERLOCK KNICKERS, 6/11 dozen. 64-page Catlg. Free.—ARCHERS, 44, Castle Gate, NOTTINGHAM.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers, and beginners. Send for free Illus. Catlgs. of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

80-PAGE Autumn/Winter Wholesale Drapery Catalogue post free. Also 28-page illustrated Catalogue Perfect goods, keenest prices. All Depts. stocked. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only.—MYERS & CO. (L. & H.), LTD., 7, Trinity Street, LEEDS, 1.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear. Super Keen-cut prices. Free Catalogue (Wholesale only).—Otto Bros., 38, Houndsditch, London.

FREE illustrated catalogue of Watches, Diamond Rings, Necklets, cheapest in the trade.—White, Harman Rd. Erdington, Birmingham.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

SOMETHING really new in clubs! The "Exit" Club is different. At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only, 2/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. Big commission. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices. Send p.c. NOW for catalogue.—Geo. Day, Ltd. (Dept. 3), 29, Altrincham Street, Manchester, 1.

EARN £8. Four-Member "Midget" Clubs. Immediate supplies. Why wait? Big Com. Details free.—TAYLORS (O.P.), Parkhills, BURY.

WHY NOT BECOME A CLUBHOLDER? Spare-time work earns a generous commission and helps your income considerably. No clerical worries, everything simple and straightforward. —Apply at any of Marks and Spencer's Stores.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7), or write for details of training: 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, London; or 283, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 95,000 successful pupils.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1936 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1936 (FREE). Contains information of pay, prospects and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES. G.P.O Engineering Dept., Telephone Service, and Patent Office Assistants. Permanent Posts. Commencing pay, £3 10s. to £4 per week. No experience required, but candidates (age limits 17-25) must be willing to study technical subjects.—For full particulars write, B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. — Write for prospectus 80. Buttolph and Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING (lowest prices). Catalogues, Magazines, Schedules, Stationery, Grocers' & Drapers' Dup. Books, etc. Samps. 2d.—Meads (60), Sandy.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads 3/6; 1,000 Handbills, 7/6, Cards, memos, etc. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 53, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc., send for special free bargain list.—"Unsedus." 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. roll. Bigger, Brighter, Bargain Book, 1936 designs, Post Free.—BRUCE & HALL (Dept. J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line. Average six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 87-89, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

AT NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List JB1636 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

BILLIARDS, complete sets from 22/- cash, 4/- monthly, all Accessories. Smoker. Bagatelle, Table Tennis; amazing Value. 1d. p.c. brings list.—RAYMOND, address under "Musical."

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

TIMBER AT REDUCED PRICES. — Clean, sound, Well-seasoned Deals, Matchings, Floorings, Planed Moulded Weatherboards, etc., suitable for all garden and home constructional work. Also asbestos, glass, roofing felt, ironmongery. Free Catalogue No. 8 from WILSON & NORTH, 180, High Street, LONDON, S.E.9.

WRITE to the London Aluminium Co., Ltd., Dept. A.D., Witton, Birmingham, for special free booklet, "Modern Cooking." A p.c. will do. See p. 38.

DON'T overlook Ambrose Wilson's bargain offers on page 48. For 1/8 you can secure frock Model No. D.R.113, and for 1/- deposit the Model K.437. Use the coupons when ordering.

FREE: Particulars of the leading British Fretwork outfits are contained in a descriptive booklet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd., Dept. 48, Dereham, Norfolk, for a free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies British Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

Ask for the popular 'Ever Ready' 'WINNER' Battery 120 volts 7/6 or 'RADIO' 120 volts 6/-

THE EVER READY CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, LONDON, N.7

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 248, Mile End Road, LONDON.

A REMINDER. If you have retained last week's *John Bull*, look on page 3 for some startling Xmas Free Gift Offers by Aircraft Products, Ltd.

A FREE catalogue that will solve your furnishing problems. On page 31 JAY'S FURNISHING STORES offer readers of *John Bull* a catalogue crammed full of Christmas bargains which can be obtained on easy payment terms. Get this free copy by filling in the coupon and posting in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

FREE to Cyclists! Don't overlook page 20. LUCAS offer the finest range and the widest choice of Battery Lamps. Write for free illustrated literature and details of the Lucas range to suit YOUR needs.

BABY-CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Homes and Welfare centres. 75-Garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 30/-, or Superior Nursing Home Set, 45s., including best flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl, Send 2/- for pcl. on appro.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

DO you use an ACME Portable Wringer-Mangle? Write for free illustrated booklet 5a describing all models.—Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E. See p. 27.

A FREE 24-page booklet of interest to every cyclist.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to PIFCO, Ltd., Shudehill, Manchester. See page 37.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, 1936 list ready. Drums, all access. Trumpets, Guitars, etc.; 1d. p.c. brings 44-p. cat. free.—Terms, J. E. RAYMOND & CO., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS.—Realisation sale. All Models To Be Cleared Below Cost. Chance of a Lifetime! Sopranis 41/120/3. £10. Others from 35/-. Cash Terms. Exchanges. Write or call: Francis, 30/32a, Essex Rd., London, N.1.

FREE: Write for the DECCA RADIO Illustrated Catalogue offered in the advert. on page 36. This will bring full particulars of DECCA RADIO RECEIVERS and details of convenient easy payments. Mention *John Bull* when writing!

GET A GOOD DANCE BAND for that winter function. Read the Band Bookers' Guide, "Melody Maker." Published every Friday, 3d.

BEFORE buying your Radio, get full details of BUSH Radio Receivers, which can be obtained on easy terms from as low as 2/6 a week. BUSH Radio is the reliable receiver endorsed by Christopher Stone. Turn to page 10 now, and fill in the coupon while you think of it.

MAKE your Set into a Radiogram for Xmas! It's easy to do, and inexpensive if you go about it the right way. See foot of page 8.

FILL in the coupon in the MILNES RADIO advt. on p. 20 for parties of their Unit supplies and Superhet Sets, Speakers, etc.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (939), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for Colds, 'Flu, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. Safe and effective. In Powders and Tablets. Send p.c. to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc.; send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 19), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

FREE: Generous sample of WINCARNIS. Be sure to fill in the coupon on the Front Cover, and a free sample of this excellent tonic wine will be sent to you by return. If you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, give WINCARNIS a trial. Excellent for men and women who suffer from debility and jangled nerves. Turn to the Front Cover now and clip out the coupon.

CHILDREN'S skin infections can be prevented and remedied by CUTICURA Ointment. Its soothing antiseptic healing action quickly clears the skin. Samples of CUTICURA preparations, soap, ointment and talcum will be sent to *John Bull* readers on receipt of 1½d. stamp for postage. Address Cuticura (Dept. 78BO), Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. Further information and details of this offer appear on page 6.

A FREE Offer!—to all who are run down. A generous sample of Angier's Emulsion, the proved tonic which strengthens the organs of digestion, overcomes nervous depression, and builds up health and strength, will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 37. Attach 4d. stamps to cover postage, e.c., and be sure to address The Angier Chemical Co., Dept. K.A.28, 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

HORLICKS taken regularly last thing at night guards against "night starvation." It replaces the used-up energy while you sleep, and builds new reserves of vitality. See page 29.

FREE to sufferers from Leg Troubles! Fill in the coupon on p. 7 for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the "Story of Elasto." Don't delay—fill in Coupon NOW.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion. It cleanses the skin and cures all skin troubles.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N. 14, Fleet Lane, London E.C.4. See page 37.

CATARRH SUFFERERS! Get the FREE Trial Package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for Catarrh, offered on p. 46. Fill in the coupon.

FREE to nerve sufferers. If you are run-down and feel out of sorts, fill in the coupon in the PHYLLOSAN advt. on p. 39 for a copy of a free book which explains how modern science is dealing with these troublesome maladies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on small payments that pass unnoticed in your monthly expenditure. Open a Credit Account with Smartwear; no references required, even from non-householders. Write for Ladies' Fashion Catlg.; also Gent's.—Smartwear, Ltd., 263, Regent St., London, W.1.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets, 7/11. Crates of Cups, Sers., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing Gifts and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

£10 FOR ONLY ONE LINE! This is offered by the makers of Zubes in a quick and easy competition on p. 35.

JELLIES always complete the nicest party, but be sure you always use ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLIES. They are sold in contrasting colours at 4½d. per packet. How to make "Rainbow Revelry" is contained in the recipe appearing in the advt. on page 26.

WRITE to the Kellogg Co. of Gt. Britain, Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2, for a copy of their valuable little booklet, "Keep on the Sunny Side of Life." It deals fully with the properties of ALL-BRAN, and gives some most interesting menus and dietary advice for everyday use. A postcard will bring this book by return.

PARTICULARS of how to make Home Beer is given in the VIGORMALT advt. on page 29. If you can't obtain locally, order direct to the address in the advt.

HOUSEWIVES! Have you yet tried BETOX Gravy Powder? You can obtain a free sample if you send the makers a postcard, with the name and address of your usual Grocer. Write Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd., Dept. 124, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10. See page 36.

MAKING MONEY FROM POULTRY is much more certain if you follow all the expert hints and tips in "Feathered World." Learn by the experience of others—and make your poultry pay. "Feathered World" also keeps you in close touch with all the latest shows; Egg Laying Tests; Markets, etc. "Feathered World" is an investment for poultry-keepers. Price twopence every Friday. Send for Free Specimen copy to Dept. X.35, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE Kellogg Co., manufacturers of the famous cereal foods of that name, have reduced the price of their product ALL-BRAN from 9d. to 7½d. per packet. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN can be eaten with cold milk or cream and fruit, and now that it has been reduced in price to 7½d. a packet, should be within the reach of every member of the public.

Clergyman's Good Deed

What He Told My Wife Ended My NEURASTHENIA & STOMACH TROUBLE

He Advised Her To Get

Yeast-Vite

Brand Tablets

Dear Sirs, I was reading the testimonial advertised in to-day's paper signed "S.G." I am not surprised at his having benefited from Yeast-Vite. What do you think of my own case? When I was discharged from the Army in December 1917 *I was suffering from Neurasthenia. I was so bad that I was allowed full pension. In 1929 I became worse and was practically unable to move or sleep. This went on until the only diet I was allowed was milk and a little pudding, the doctor said I had developed ulcers in the stomach.*

My wife was speaking to the clergyman one day while travelling in the train and she told him about my trouble. He advised her to get Yeast-Vite and give it a trial.

Now for the result. I have secured a job navvying (I had never done hard work in my life). I can eat anything I choose since I started taking Yeast-Vite. This would have been impossible in the old days of misery and pain.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) W.M.

Yeast-Vite is a most wonderful Tonic. It is equally beneficial to both Men and Women . . . old and young. These famous quick-acting Tablets are wonderfully efficacious for a variety of troubles, from banishing aches and pains to restoring strength and vitality to the weak and ailing.

EVERYBODY should take a course of Yeast-Vite, especially at the present time. With winter months and inclement weather ahead, you must be STRONG to be WELL. Read the letter on the right—a typical example of thousands of grateful tributes—and test Yeast-Vite yourself. TO-DAY.

Yeast-Vite is Life

IF YOU *are Weak, Debilitated, Strengthless, Lacking in Energy, Vitality and the Will to Live, let Yeast-Vite bring YOU New Vim, New Vigour, New Vitality, New LIFE!*

IF YOU *are nearly driven mad by Throbbing Headaches, Neuralgia, or Nagging Nerve Pains . . . . . let Yeast-Vite bring YOU relief!*

IF YOU *cannot digest your food . . . . . suffer from Stomach Pains, Sickness, Acidity, Heartburn or Palpitation . . . . . take Yeast-Vite and know the joy of freedom!*

IF YOU *are tortured by painful Rheumatism which makes your life a martyrdom . . . . . experience how Yeast-Vite will end your suffering!*

IF YOU *are driven to distraction by Weak, Jangled and Jumpy Nerves . . . . . let Yeast-Vite make YOU calm, confident and cheerful!*

"Yeast-Vite" is so successful because each and every tablet is an accurate scientific combination of pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae), Vitamins (especially Vitamin B), and other valuable tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

NO CURE NO PAY!

OUR OFFER

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHT-FORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. For your health's sake accept it TO-DAY.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Accept this Offer TO-DAY, and so start NOW on the road to Better Health and Brighter Spirits than you have ever known before.

We Did What The Clergyman said and Now I am Fit and Strong

YEAST-VITE QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 Minutes
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 Minutes
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 Minutes
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 Minutes
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 Minutes
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 Minutes
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 Minutes
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 Minutes
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 Hours

The Yeast-Vite Quick-Health Time-Table is based on facts—on the accumulated experience of thousands and thousands of cases. Test its truth for yourself—TO-DAY!

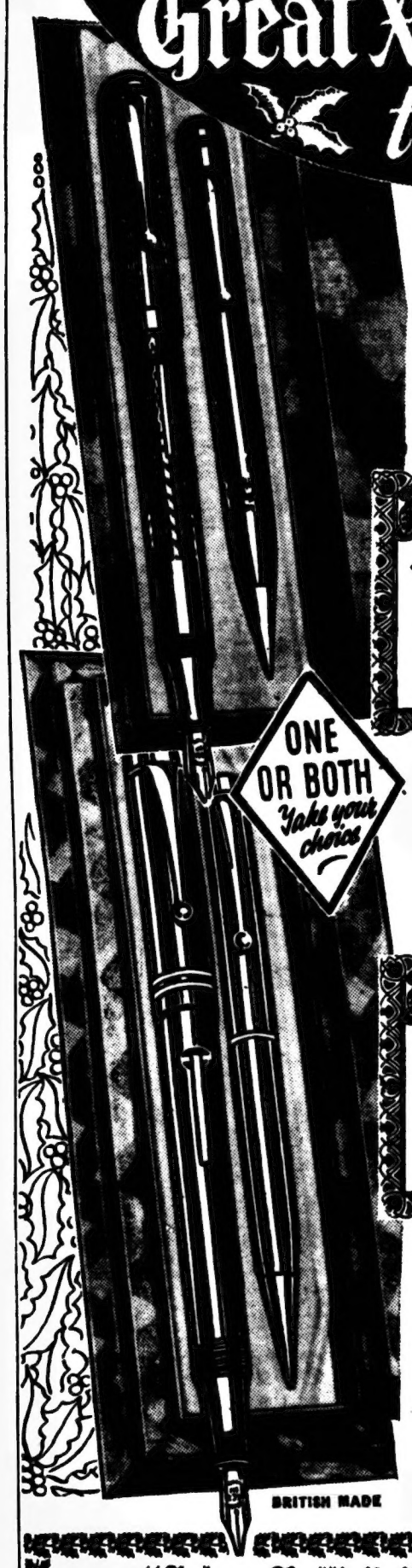
From the very first dose you feel Renewed, Refreshed, Reinvigorated. *Pain* disappears! *Weakness* changes to *Strength*! Life becomes Happy—Joyous—*Worth Living*!

Yeast-Vite

BRAND TONIC TABLETS SOLD EVERYWHERE **3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-**

T.C.B.

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to you



Your Last Chance Before Christmas.

This is your last opportunity to avail yourself of "John Bull's" magnificent Writing Sets Gift Offer—in time for Christmas.

Your Gift Vouchers are below—one worth 2/9, the other worth 7/6—each will be accepted *as cash* in part payment for one of these superlative Gift Sets. It is your last chance before Xmas!

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher

2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until December 31, 1935

No. A/49668

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER.

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the black vulcanite Pen, latest lever self-filling device and **14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB**, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher

7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until December 31, 1935

No. B/49668

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER.

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Handsomely finished in glossy black and beautifully streamlined, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. Two inlaid 18-ct. rolled-gold bands encircle the pen, which is made of an entirely new material of remarkable durability—it is guaranteed unbreakable. The pen has a sunk lever self-filling device, and the pocket clip to match accentuates the lustrous finish. The extra heavy **14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB** has costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip, rubber and extra leads, and is fitted with propel, repel and expel movement. It also has an 18-ct. rolled gold band. A decorative Golden satin-lined Casket sets off this magnificent Gift.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull," Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage & Insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 14-12-35.

A TINY INSTRUMENT

DEAF!

OUR 30-DAY TRIAL will convince you that the VIBRAPHONE

is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of Deafness. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No batteries or wires or any other attachments. Used by professional men. Write, 'phone or call for BOOKLET and details of TRIAL OFFER. Consultations 9-4.

VIBRAPHONE CO., 16, Triumph House, 189, Regent Street, London, W.1

'Phone: Regent 5630.

RED TILES

QUICKLY RESTORED TO A LASTING RICH RED TONE WITH

CARDINAL POLISH

LARGE 6D & 1/-

The best to use for front steps and composition floors. Gives a wonderful brilliance and rich warm colour with a minimum of effort. Will not rub off. Made by makers of Mansion Polish. Of all dealers.

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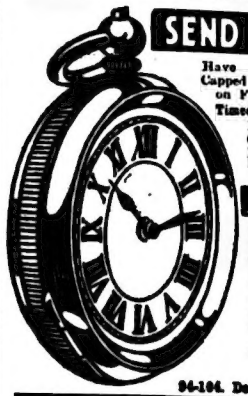

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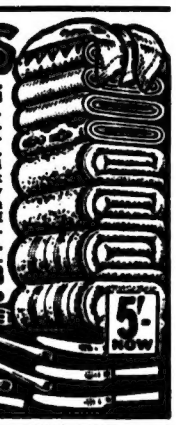

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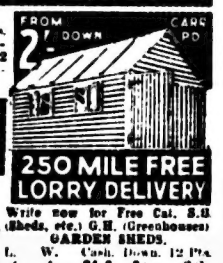

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FREE CATALOGUE of Big Bargains of all kinds.

INEXPENSIVE 6ft. BILLIARD TABLE, with Baize Bed, Rubber Cushions and Stained-Wood Frame. With one Cue and three Balls. 17/-, Carr. 1/6. Sent for 1/-. Promise 7 monthly Payments of 3/6.

PAIN'S Presentation House, Dept. 90-NB HASTINGS.

How to Get the Best Value

THE easiest way to get the most for every shilling you spend is to buy goods that you see advertised.

Advertising has conferred a big advantage on the public. It has made goods cheaper to buy. This is often disputed by those who contend that the public pays for advertising, and that therefore things would be cheaper without it. It is not true that things would be cheaper if advertising expenditure was passed to the public in the form of price reductions.

Money spent on advertising is an investment by the manufacturer. The return on the investment is increased sales. Mass-production allows for the supply of increased quantities of goods without a corresponding increase in price, and eventually permits of actual price reduction after paying all advertising and manufacturing costs.

We can all remember when a motor-car was a hand-made engineering job costing many hundreds of pounds. To-day, because of persistent advertising and consequent increased demand, much better cars are sold at a far lower price and an increased profit to the makers.

KEEPING PRICES DOWN.

In any case, it is most important to remember that advertising usually represents a very small percentage of a firm's total turnover, and on a commodity priced retail, at, say, sixpence, this would make a difference of only a tiny fraction of a penny.

Dishonesty in advertising is rare, but that, too, had its vogue, and until prosecution put an end to it. Such an excellent safeguard as the JOHN BULL guarantee (which appears on page 45) is an absolute preventive of this type of commercial fraud. Every reader of this paper knows that he can buy products advertised therein in complete confidence.

If you have a COUGH

You haven't tried

At all Chemists

MUSTEROLE
BRAND
2/6
MUSTARD OINTMENT

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is simply marvellous for coughs. It immediately relieves the tickling and tightness in the throat. It's the unique "deep healing" of this clean, stainless ointment which makes it so wonderfully effective. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6 but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

"I find your Musterole Brand Ointment the best thing I have ever used," says a Tottenham, N., user, "and I would not be without a jar of it in the house. The least cold or pain I get I rub it gently in, and it soothes the pain and coughing at once."

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives *certain relief* in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., LIMITED,
4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

Elasto

REGISTERED

This wonderful BIOLOGICAL REMEDY will save you POUNDS

How the Leg-Weary are being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy

Saved Mrs. Miller from Years of Pain

Described as a Miracle

I WISH to tell you how much Elasto has done for me. I was almost a cripple and went through terrible agony with arthritis ; I thought I would never walk properly again. I have taken two bottles of Elasto and am completely cured. My neighbours say it is a miracle. Elasto has also cured my piles of long standing. I shall never be without a bottle of Elasto in the house.

M.1112. (*Signed*) Mrs. A. MILLER.

What Other Users of Elasto say:—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

Take Elasto for: **Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles known as bad leg, Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.**

LEG pains soon cease when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical* ; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

ELASTO is something new to curative science ; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are deficiency diseases ; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

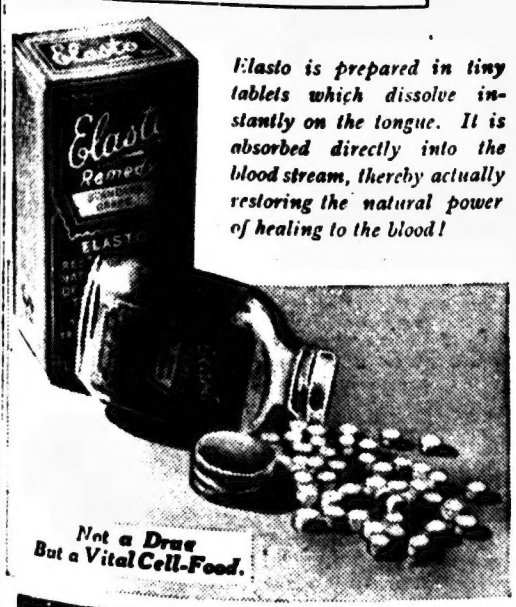
Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation ; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force ; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity *Nature's own laws of healing.* Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue ; it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood ! It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Not Magic—Just Logic

In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep-fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health *must* result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Wonderful Biological Remedy, is designed to do ; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. No drugs ; no adhesive bandages : *Elasto Cures Through the Blood!*



Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue. It is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood!

Not a Drug But a Vital Cell-Food.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment ! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it ! Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes !

This offer is too good to be missed ! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15.E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO the COMMON-SENSE REMEDY

Whatever therapeutic theory may be fashionable at the moment, one indisputable fact will always remain and that is that a sound circulation and prophylactic blood form the basis of life and health. Elasto is based entirely on this common-sense physical fact.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15.E.), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please Print in Capital Letters)

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

John Bull 14/12/35.

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

A cigarette *MUST* be good for the sales to go UP and UP!

Gaining day by day in public favour

The NEW & BETTER

BLACK CAT

MEDIUM

10 for 4d. *Try a packet to-day!*

setting a new & higher standard in cigarette values!

★ *Every packet of the new BLACK CAT cigarettes contains a coloured picture of a FAMOUS FOOTBALLER*

B.C.10

ALSO OBTAINABLE – BLACK CAT EXTRA LARGE 20 FOR 1/- ··· 10 FOR 6D

AND BLACK CAT RED BAND 20 FOR 11D ··· 10 FOR 5½D

THURSDAY,
For week ending, Saturday, December 14, 1935. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

JOHN BULL
Without Fear or Favour

The HOSPITALS' *Wicked* FRIEND

He fills his own fat stocking first — and precious little is left for the hospitals!

THIS is the time when, according to one of the happiest of our Christmas customs, millions of us are thinking about what presents we shall make to our families and friends—what we shall, so to speak, put in other people's stockings.

Unfortunately, it is also the time when a certain type of gentry rub their hands with glee at the opportunity this season of good will and loosened purse-strings offers them of filling their own stockings with other people's gifts.

And we can think of none more mean and despicable among them than those who do this by exploiting the public's generosity towards the hospitals, which naturally tends to be more lavish than ever as Christmas draws near.

☆ ★ ☆

That is why John Bull welcomes the glad tidings that a Parliamentary Bill is being prepared to protect the hospitals and the public from that brand of so-called charity organiser who may well be described as **The Hospitals' Wicked Friend.**

His, or her, usual method, is to send collectors from house to house with a van to beg all kinds of clothing and other superfluous goods which can ostensibly be turned into money for this or that hospital.

But, unfortunately, while there are many reputable organisations that do this with real benefit to the hospitals, there are others who merely turn these gifts into money for themselves. Collection expenses are so manipulated that in many cases the hospitals get nothing at all.

During the past year or two such collections have become a very profitable business indeed for shady promoters of this form of "charity." So much so, that it is not the first time John Bull has exposed and condemned their ramp.

Now we are supported in our demand for action to end the scandal by the Council of the British Hospitals Association, the Charity Organisation Society, and the King Edward Fund of London.

All, with a unanimous voice, assert that those dubious 'waste" collection enterprises which exist solely to put money into the pockets of private individuals should be banned by Parliamentary legislation.

An official estimate is that upwards of £80,000 a year is raised from the public through the medium of collections organised by unscrupulous persons in the sacred name of charity. And expert investigators declare that scarcely seven per cent. of that sum ever reaches the hospitals.

A typical instance of what is going on is that of a man who a year or two ago was making a precarious living as a dealer in second-hand clothing, and so on—till he conceived the idea of collecting for the hospitals!

To-day he is opulent enough to employ a large staff. His helpers drive collecting vans which tour extensively, and a relative plays a part in the business as well. A large proportion of his staff distribute handbills from door to door, and deliver a little address they have learned by heart about the great work some hospital (which they name) is doing.

This man's income is, after paying all wages and "expenses," anything from £40 to £75 a week. He has boastingly admitted it.

Yet, so long as he gives to the hospital *something* of the proceeds of his sales of goods, the police authorities cannot intervene.

Recently the Charity Organisation Society investigated twenty different schemes of this sort, selected at random.

In only two did it find any genuine attempt to aid the hospitals. The other eighteen were just ramps, promoted and run for the benefit of their scheming sponsors.

In one notorious case, in which the name of a great hospital was used, appeals were issued, and sacks and bags delivered, by one of these questionable organisations which gave an impressive address.

Enquiries revealed that the headquarters were actually in a squalid alley, and that the principals behind the scenes were pocketing the bulk of the money.

In another of these schemes which has given rise to considerable criticism in hospital circles, goods of every type, given by the public, apparently to benefit a hospital, are housed in warehouses. Its financial turnover is enormous, yet enquiries show that only a few pounds have so far reached the hospital.

☆ ★ ☆

Profits reaped in this racket are so tempting that dubious organisations are springing up everywhere, and vans and collectors, confined almost entirely hitherto to the London area, have now migrated into the provinces.

How is the scandal to be stopped? By an Act of Parliament putting the whole question of charity collections on a safe and legal basis?—Yes.

But until we get that, the hospitals themselves should protect their donors by arranging for their own Appeals Department officially to organise all waste collections on their behalf. Some already do this, and it is an example that all others would do well to copy.

It is not surprising that the Appeals Departments of several hospitals have held conferences in the hope of arriving at some solution of the problem, and we are glad to know that in some cases they have withdrawn permission for the name of their hospital to be used by exploiters in this class.

The hospitals do not, in fact, want the unofficial collector. They reap little benefit, and in many instances lose a great deal through this bad friend of theirs, into whose pocket goes the bulk of what is intended for the hospitals.

He is one person, therefore, that we shall wish neither A Happy Christmas nor a Prosperous New Year.

Rather shall we wish him the speediest possible exit from a highly disreputable business that exploits equally the deserving hospital and the generous givers to a great charitable cause!

JOHN BULL for CHRISTMAS

The Christmas-week issue of "John Bull" will be on sale on Tuesday, December 24, instead of Thursday, December 26. Be sure to get your copy.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

"Bottle Party" that Must be Raided

Where Parents are Forgotten

"Dole" Blunders Galore!

IN an Old Bailey case the Recorder of London, Sir Holman Gregory, K.C., has called for action against London's undesirable clubs.

"At nearly every session of this court," he declares, "crimes are shown to have been committed at premises said to be conducted as clubs, but which are being conducted as drinking dens of the worst class, where all kinds of iniquities are taking place and are encouraged."

The Recorder is right. We can reveal that the position is far more serious to-day than at any time since Lord Byng carried out his famous "clean-up" of the West End.

Grave menace

The police are fully aware of the need for a drastic campaign against the hundreds of so-called "clubs" where crimes are planned and actually perpetrated. And that campaign will soon be launched.

Long before the Recorder's protest Scotland Yard had begun the necessary preparations. For several months special squads of police officers have been carrying out investigations and amassing evidence.

Their task has been a lengthy one because, as we shall show, their hands are tied by the law.

Criminals' haunts

Beginning as "bottle parties," of which we have heard so much, a large number of clubs have degenerated into dens of thieves and blackmailers to which self-respecting people would never go in the ordinary course of events.

Many respectable persons, however, are lured to them by women decoys and may count themselves lucky if they escape with nothing more costly than the loss of whatever money they have in their pockets.

In very many cases they find themselves in the remorseless grip of blackmailers.

Worst type

For example, a recent blackmail case at the Old Bailey—in which a man was sentenced to penal servitude—began in a club where 98 per cent. of the members are crooks of the worst type.

In many such places, also, motor-bandit raids and similar crimes are planned; many of these sinister clubs are not only the meeting places of criminals but are actually owned by men with long criminal records.

Some are under the constant observation of the Flying Squad, but the magnitude of the police task can be judged by the fact that there are over two hundred and fifty disreputable clubs of this nature in London alone.

And those are the "bottle parties" which the police must be given power to raid without delay."

No evidence

But a single instance will show the difficulty experienced by the police in obtaining the evidence they need before undertaking a prosecution.

Officers were recently called to a club where a brawl was taking place. Outside, they found a man lying badly injured in the gutter and who had to be taken to hospital.

Inside, they found five men fighting, mirrors smashed, chairs broken, and the floor littered with splintered glasses.

But not a single person was willing to appear as a witness in a prosecution.

Clean-up coming

Moreover, the police are handicapped by the law's stupidity which allows any person to open a club providing a registration fee of five shillings is paid.

But, as we have said, the end of this new crime menace is in sight. Already fifty-six clubs have been struck off this year, two hundred others will shortly be dealt with.

And in that work, Scotland Yard and the officers working under its directions deserve our best wishes for success.

The criminal's new haunt—the "bottle party" bar

Where life is dull

So many official reports are dull that we welcome one which should do much to relieve dullness rather than increase it.

Issued by the Juvenile Organisations Committee, it deals with the great new housing estates on which live a quarter of the whole population.

On most of them young people have "nowhere to go and nothing to do" in their leisure. The committee recommends that every municipal estate should possess a youth community centre.

Forgotten parents

That is an excellent suggestion which we hope will be widely adopted. Its only fault is that it doesn't go far enough.

While providing social life for young persons under eighteen, we should not withhold it from their elders.

No one should wonder if many people regret having left the busy towns for corporation estates where the nearest shops are perhaps a mile away, where there is no kinema, club, nor tavern, and where even the keeping of dogs may be forbidden.

Social centres

It is time we reminded local authorities of the old saying that "man cannot live by bread alone." They must be urged to see that every new suburb is provided with reasonable facilities for diversion.

That is the only cure for the breakdown in community life which the committee stresses.

Examination gambles

Of public interest, also, is the expert report which blows sky-high the present system of examinations. It proves that in exams. on which careers may depend some candidates are wrongly rejected while others, less worthy, are accepted.

It tells how "experienced examiners," given the same papers to mark after a year or so, changed their minds in 92 cases out of 210.

JOHN BULL was the first to point out that examinations held at our schools and elsewhere are very much of a gamble. Will those responsible at last remove the cotton-wool from their ears?

Vanishing country

Another urgent need will be the subject of a deputation to the Prime Minister in the near future — the need for national parks.

True, much has been done by generous landowners and wise councils, and even London is to have a Green Belt — though an uncomfortably distended one.

Much more could and should be done. If America can afford nearly a million pounds a year for national parks, we can surely afford a tenth as much. And there are towns which could buy a green belt cheaply to-day, but will find it costly and difficult to-morrow.

Man-made

A woman has admitted at an inquest that she went through a form of marriage with a man whom she knew to be married. "I did not think it unlawful, as the marriage laws are only man-made," she explained.

It may be pointed out that laws are made for women as well as men, but a statement of the man's real wife has a deeper implication. She said that she had wanted a divorce, but could not afford to obtain it. That implies that the law is unjust because it denies divorce to the very poor.

A. P. H. is angry

Divorce is also in the news because of the vigorous protest of Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., against Mr. Baldwin's decision that there will be no time before Christmas for private Bills. This means that Mr. Herbert cannot yet introduce his Bill "to reform the indecent, cruel, and hypocritical marriage laws."

"At the beginning of Parliament the Government has no time," he says, "at the end it has no courage, and in the middle there is a change of Ministers."

The truth is, Mr. Herbert, that the Government has no courage at any time to tackle divorce reform.

Struck off

Then there is a case of a doctor, described by counsel as having "snatched one moment of happiness" with a woman patient now dead. His wife later secured a divorce; now he has been struck off the Medical Register.

The General Medical Council acts in the public interest when punishing a doctor for misconduct with a woman patient. But is it not too severe a punishment to ruin the doctor by taking away his livelihood?

"Dole" blunders

More than 80,000 workless men were deprived of their "dole" by exchange officials this year. On taking their cases to the court of referees, they won.

But not every unemployed man knows how to appeal.

If Mr Ernest Brown, the Minister of Labour cannot advise employment exchange managers to stretch a point in favour of applicants, he should at least see that the bare measure of justice laid down by law is not withheld.

Rates hardship

As for the law relating to rates, that is so obviously unjust that it should have been amended decades ago.

Consider the hardship imposed on a Pudsey man who rents a house attached to an empty house. He has been ordered to pay rates arrears amounting to £30, though he says his rent included rates. Moreover, the rating office admits that the arrears are in respect of the entire property, including the part not used by the defendant.

Yet the law will permit his family to be "sold up," if necessary, to recover the full amount.

One-sided

And we have often told of cases where tenants, though paying an inclusive rent, have been staggered to find themselves in court charged with rate arrears because their landlord has pocketed the whole sum.

This legal protection of the landlord will, we hope, be attacked in Parliament during the coming session. At any rate we pass on the suggestion to our M.P.

New trick

People who reply to advertisements which are appearing in provincial newspapers, offering a payment of 2s. 6d. or 5s. weekly for the use of addresses to receive letters, will only bring trouble on themselves.

These advertisements are the work of gangs of tricksters who use them to flood the football pools with entries and incur liabilities of hundreds of pounds a week.

They collect winnings but never pay losses—and quickly flit to leave the householder who lent his or her address to bear the brunt.

Milk refusal

The Government's proposals for providing cheaper milk for mothers and children in the distressed areas has been flatly rejected by the Central Milk Distributive Committee.

We have said before that a reduction in price is possible. We have also said that the milk trade has for years shown a cynical disregard for the public needs. And we are still waiting for proof that we are wrong.

Mr. Joseph Morgan

We desire to state in the clearest possible terms that Mr. Joseph Morgan of London Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey, who carries on a business as estate agent and property dealer, is not and never has been, associated with people recently referred to in JOHN BULL.

There nas been a confusion of names and we ask him to accept our apology for any annoyance the article may have caused him.

Mr. Morgan is well known and respected in Thornton Heath and has carried on business there for over thirteen years.

The Fragrant Minute

My Christmas Stocking

I HEARD elves calling "Look this way!" And, breathlessly, I took a peep, and there I saw a huge display of Christmas Stockings in a heap! The counter shone like burnished gold; a lovely Dream was serving there. No matter what the number sold, still were there plenty more to spare.

I spoke out bravely, "Dream," said I, "like Simple Simon I've no penny." He took a Stocking from the sky! Said he "For this, you need not any." I thanked him and I looked inside and there, to my surprise and pleasure, some sweet Content and Hope I spied—and other gifts in goodly measure.

I unpacked all the Stocking then—what splendid Christmas gifts I found. A rippling rhyme, a magic pen, a happy smile, a tuneful sound, a spark of mirth, a shining jest—indeed, thought I, 'tis very nice that all the things I love the best are bought for Christmas without price.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

B.B.C.'s SINS— *the* Answer

—by Sir— Stephen TALLENTS

Public Relations Officer at Broadcasting House

JOHN BULL has just been holding a three weeks' enquiry into the B.B.C., and now the Editor has courteously invited me to "say a few words" about it all.

I gladly accept that invitation, because JOHN BULL, without yielding an inch of the freedom of criticism which we expect of him, has paid the B.B.C., on all the major points at issue, some handsome and understanding compliments.

"The B.B.C.," he says, "is unique and has no counterpart in any other country. It is doing something which no other body has ever attempted before. . . . It is a marvel that it should have done so well." He concludes that "the B.B.C. has given us a broadcast service which we would exchange for no other country's—and that, by and large, it gives us as good a ten shillings-worth as it would be possible to buy in this world."

So there is really no question of defending the B.B.C. on any capital charge. But, in the course of the hearing, the B.B.C. was criticised on a number of points.

Now I have sometimes heard people talk as though the B.B.C. was a self-satisfied body, too well pleased with itself to pay heed to listeners' suggestions.

The B.B.C. is nothing of the sort. Its one ambition is to give listeners in this country the best broadcasting service in the world. It knows—no one better—that it has sometimes made mistakes in the past, and is sure sometimes, unless it is to play for mere safety, to make mistakes in the future. Honest criticism helps, and the B.B.C. welcomes it.

SOME of the questions about the future of the B.B.C., on which JOHN BULL has touched, are at present under examination by a distinguished Committee, which, under the chairmanship of Lord Ullswater, has been charged by the Postmaster-General with a full review of the B.B.C.'s position, in anticipation of the day when its present charter expires. On these questions it would be improper for any officer of the B.B.C. to express an opinion.

But leaving such questions of future policy in the safe hands to which they have been entrusted, there are a few details which, as always happens in a public enquiry, take on an exaggerated importance when they are dressed up in print.

It is a great pity that the very nature of our work at the B.B.C. makes it impossible for us to satisfy the wishes of the hundreds of thousands of listeners who would like to call and see behind the scenes of the B.B.C.

But engineers who are working to split seconds in the handling, through 17 hours out of the 24, of the immensely complicated broadcasting service, must be secluded if they are to maintain the necessary concentration of eye and mind. Producers and artists, rehearsing or performing in programmes to which millions of homes are to listen, must be protected from outside distractions.

We can never hope to satisfy the curiosity of listeners about our inward workings in the way in which they and we would wish. Most of them must inevitably be content with such views of the work of the B.B.C. as they can get at second-hand—for example, from that film, "The Voice of Britain," which has been so highly commended by the critics, and is now showing in the picture theatres at home and overseas.

The B.B.C. is alive to this demand on the part of listeners to see more of what goes on behind the B.B.C. scenes. It has been so absorbed in building up its completely new organisation, so concentrated upon giving listeners the best service that it could in the shape of good programmes, that it has not hitherto had time to turn aside to let the public know just how it was all done.

In future it means to find time to take the public more into its confidence in such matters.

But red tabs, red tape and Prussianism! I do not know who first started this old story about their prevalence at Broadcasting House. Any experienced man or woman would know that British broadcasting, as it is to-day, simply could not have been built up, could not be carried on, in such an atmosphere.

I happen to be something of a connoisseur of these three unpleasant subjects. I remember very well, as a temporary soldier training for the Front in 1914, the terror with which one walked down Piccadilly for fear one should overlook or fail to salute a passing "brass hat."

The nervousness from which I then suffered has never quite left me. I should have scented any trace of the "red tab" spirit at my first coming to Portland Place not so long ago. Believe me, it is not to be found in the friendly, hard-working company of the B.B.C. staff.

As for red tape, JOHN BULL at one point suggested that the conditions in Broadcasting House "were far more restrictive than those of the most red-tape ringed strongholds in Whitehall."

WELL, I have worked in or for some ten of those strongholds in my time. No one knows better what the red tape—or its modern counterpart, the white tape—of Government departments can be like. It is a mistake, I think, to suppose that it really binds any but perhaps a few of the White-hall departments of to-day. It's a sheer libel to picture it as entangling the staff of the B.B.C.

Then the suggestion that "Prussianism" is "driving out all intelligent men from the B.B.C. as fast as it can." I learned to recognise intelligent men at college, and am surrounded to-day by plenty of intelligent men and women working happily and devotedly in Broadcasting House. I saw "Prussianism" at work in the agonies of the Baltic Provinces in 1919. I know first-hand what it means, and will never work in any place where it prevails. It is sheer nonsense to suggest that it flourishes in the B.B.C.

The talk of "Prussianism" seems to be at the back of the tale that, if sackings from the B.B.C. staff "are common, resignations are still more frequent"; at the back, too, of the idea that the B.B.C. is inquisitorial about the private lives of its staff.

I should have expected to find a fairly high rate of change among the more responsible sections of the B.B.C. staff. The very fact that broadcasting is a new profession means that most of the more responsible staff, when they enter Broadcasting House, enter it to take up duties of which they could not have had previous experience elsewhere.

Some of them are bound to find themselves, or to be found, unsuitable for this novel vocation; and no sensible person would think it prudent to give Civil Service permanency to new entrants in such conditions.

BUT in sober fact the rate of change among the staff is surprisingly low. Here are the figures. Among the 600 or 700 members of the more responsible staff during four recent years, there were 38 resignations, 20 terminations and 10 deaths—an average of 17 cases a year.

What is left of the legend that "sackings are common and resignations still more frequent"? The B.B.C. is, in fact, as many of its servants have good cause to recognise, a patient and, in cases specially of sickness or misfortune, a very considerate employer.

These figures in themselves give the lie to the idea that there are many cases of so-called private conduct leading to inquisition and dismissal.

Very occasionally the B.B.C., like every other employer responsible for an important public service, is forced, however reluctantly, to consider whether the personal conduct of one of its servants is not either tending to bring discredit upon the Corporation, or damaging the working efficiency of the man or woman concerned.

The B.B.C. not long ago stated that it gave every such case "individual consideration." JOHN BULL, I suggest, has slipped into a momentary unfairness when he calls this a "presumptuous declaration." Surely the wisest and fairest way to deal with these quite rare, but always difficult, cases is to look at each carefully on its merits?

And that brings me to the ripe old story—long may it reappear—of the counting of the candle ends. Personally, I always thought it did the B.B.C. credit.

I would far rather, as a listener, have the B.B.C. now and again counting its candle ends, which I have helped to pay for, than spending my money carelessly. And I cannot help believing that my fellow wireless licence holders—more than 7,000,000 of them, and most of them hard-working people with two ends to make meet at home—would feel the same as I do about this.

LET me say, too, that there is no subject on which the B.B.C. spends so much anxious study as the problem of meeting the infinitely various needs of its vast listening audience. It is a study which should and will last as long as broadcasting endures.

Let no one suppose that any single man or woman can hope to gauge with confidence the views of the millions who listen in to the British Broadcasting service.

None knows better than the B.B.C. that the tastes of even so great a community as London are often far from the tastes of England, or the United Kingdom, or of the exiles from the home country to whom British broadcasting is coming to mean so much.

We examine criticisms and encouragements alike with an honest desire to learn from them how better to handle the novel and difficult task with which we have been entrusted. That, and that alone, is the spirit in which I have tried to deal with the friendly suggestions made by JOHN BULL.

ON OUR Forbidden

How the 'Undesirable' Comes . . to GO!

"TURNED Back . . ." The other day, while hundreds of visitors from the United States and Canada were disembarking at Southampton Docks, a man stood scrutinising every face.

He was a member of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard.

Suddenly he walked up to a passenger who had just stepped off the gangway and tapped him on the shoulder. Few of the other passengers noticed what he was doing. Less did they realise that he had "spotted" an undesirable person who was trying to get into this country without permission.

The man who had thus been stopped, greatly to his surprise, was numbered on a file which is known at Scotland Yard as the "gated" list.

The particulars recorded on this list, even down to the colour of the undesirable's eyes and the length of his fingers, had prompted the Scotland Yard officer to identify him in the way we have described.

Fake passport

The officer with the eagle eye requested the visitor to accompany him to a police office at the docks which is reserved for Special Branch men.

When asked his name, the detained man gave a false one. The inspector smiled, intimated that he was not satisfied, and asked to see his passport.

The visitor produced one of sorts. It was faked.

He protested that he was a Norwegian and, when asked if he was not in reality a person with another name altogether, he still adhered to his story. He was later brought before a superior officer and charged with being an alien in possession of unauthorised credentials.

He has been deported now—thanks to the great, silent work of the Special Branch.

Officers of the Special Branch, which operates so quietly that its work rarely comes conspicuously before the public, are always on the watch at the ports for international criminals of this type. Few people outside official circles have any idea of the pains which are taken to keep undesirables away from our shores.

Terrific drive

This year, owing to the Jubilee celebrations, the drive against such unwanted individuals was greater than ever. In one week more than a score of international crooks of both sexes were "turned back" at Liverpool, Southampton, and other ports.

One of them was an American confidence trickster, who has flourished for years. He planned, with several of his satellites, to come here to fleece visitors during the "season," and succeeded in getting as far as the Customs Office at Southampton before he was recognised by a member of the Special Branch.

He thought he knew all the ropes, and could get through easily, and his face bore an expression of blank astonishment when a hand fell on his shoulder and he was asked to accompany a detective to the special office at the docks which all international adventurers fear.

The Port "Rogues' Gallery" was consulted once more, and, although this crook did his utmost to convince the authorities that he was not the man they believed him to be, he failed.

Face to face with his own photograph—attached to a foolscap form giving all the salient details of his fraudulent career—what could he say? He had to admit in the end that he was his notorious self, with the result that he was "turned back."

The work of compiling histories of crooks who traverse the world is amazing in its scope. Trans-Atlantic telephonic calls, cables, letters by air mail and ordinary post, all play their part.

At the "Yard" headquarters a large and special staff is engaged connecting every possible piece of evidence from all parts of the globe, and, when this has been summarised, it is circulated to every port in the country and, often, to Continental and foreign police forces for collaboration purposes.

Photographic experts follow the rigid rule of obtaining the "latest" photographs of every known touring crook, and these are copied several times and supplied to port policemen who have been specially detailed for their difficult work because they "know a face at sight."

Fatal hand

Not long ago a particularly clever coup was made by two of these watching sleuths at Dover. A most dangerous impostor arrived with a passport he had obtained fraudulently.

In different parts of the world complaints had been made against him, and he was known to the Parisian and Viennese police as being closely involved in the White Slave Traffic.

Immaculately attired, and with a lot of money, he disembarked at Dover, and brazenly wandered through the Customs as though he had nothing to fear. He was making for the boat train to London, when a hand touched him on the shoulder and he found himself face to face with a man from the Special Branch.

Like most of these professional "visitors," he maintained his bluff right up to the last moment. Very charmingly he said that there must be some mistake—that he most certainly would be the last person in the world to have anything to do with the White Slave Traffic.

He was detained, however, for further enquiries and within an hour or two was confronted with his own photograph, which had been added recently to the list of international undesirables registered at Scotland Yard.

He was "turned back" like the others, and it has since been confirmed that he has for years been living persistently on women.

Just about the same time "Monsieur Gaston Journez" came over from Paris. He was also luxurious in his tastes and had planned to occupy a lavish apartment at a famous London hotel. It was not long before the hand of a Special Branch man was placed on his shoulder. The charm of manner in which he first resisted the detective's demands for information about himself changed later to abuse, and he revealed himself in his true colours by threatening the officer with physical violence.

The passport "Monsieur Gaston Journez" possessed was, as is so common in cases of this kind, one to which he had no right, and the Special Branch man who identified him knew him to be a Continental adventurer who had likewise preye on women for years.

His real name was Stephane Fize and the persistence of his crimina career so far as this country is con cerned may be illustrated by the fa that he succeeded on three previou occasions in eluding the watchers a the ports.

His face is very familiar to olde Special Branch men, for ten year ago he arrived here with a false pas port and set himself up in a mos elaborate country residence, where with several other undesirable alien he conducted parties of a most de grading character.

Numerous young women were lu ported to this den of iniquity by "M Journez" and his disciples, unt

The stream of innocent people disembarking from one of the great liners are unaware that, a few yards away, an undesirable visitor has been spotted, and detained, by a patiently watching, eagle-eyed detective

Visitors' LIST

Chief - Inspector Campion carried out a midnight raid on the premises.

"Journez" was jailed for the part he played in this disgusting affair and deported. But he returned again a few months later and duped several women before he was traced and banished again.

He was not so lucky, however, on the occasion of his recent visit, and, thanks to the resources of the Special Branch and their records and ramifications, he is once again back in his native France.

A person who described himself impudently in an assumed name as an author is another of these Continental rogues who was recognised recently by one of these "experts with an eagle eye."

Like "Journez," he had succeeded in getting into the country on at least two previous occasions, and on this occasion timed his visit to coincide with the King's Jubilee celebrations.

Carrying an extensive wardrobe which he showed no undue haste to get through the Customs, thus obviating suspicion, he arrived with a passport that described him as a theatrical agent.

Indignation!

Actually he is a thief of the first order, who has agents working for him in different countries, and when challenged with the allegation that his passport was obtained by him improperly he grew most indignant. Even when he was shown his own photograph in the official records, and told that he had already been twice to jail here for fraud, he still declared that the Special Branch officers who had been questioning him were making a mistake.

His finger-prints were taken after some difficulty, and, when that confirmed his identity beyond any doubt, he was escorted to the first available boat and sent back to his own country under the closest surveillance.

Yet despite all the splendid work so creditably performed by officers of the Special Branch, large numbers of international adventurers manage to creep into this country every month. Official statistics before us reveal that upwards of 600 got past the watchful authorities last year—that is to say, 600 whose cases came to the knowledge of the police because they were detected here subsequently! How many got through and have never been discovered cannot, of course, be estimated.

One of the most impudent rogues, who passed here in the name of Goldberg, facetiously told the detective who stopped him that the photograph which was produced as proof of his real identity was that of a "much better looking" man! The Special Branch were not to be gulled, however, and with his fingerprints taken to prove conclusively who he was, he now figures on the ever-growing list of "turned back" undesirables.

The Special Branch—the men "who can tell a face at sight"—have a job few would envy. Sometimes it takes them years of research, studying faces, habits, customs and individual mannerisms of men and women who traverse the world in the pursuits of their criminal careers.

There is, in fact, one classical case on record where a notorious confidence impostor has been "turned back" nearly a dozen times! Yet he has the impudence still to try and get in by slipping past the less experienced sleuths at the docks.

One trickster actually pretended that he was an Italian nobleman who held diplomatic privileges and had been decorated for special work he had done.

Hotel arrest

Though the Special Branch officers who saw him arrive were not absolutely certain of his identity they allowed him to enter but immediately communicated with headquarters at Scotland Yard to have him watched in London.

He turned out to be, as was suspected, a Continental adventurer who started running up bills everywhere in his assumed guise as a nobleman. It was thanks to the initial suspicions of the Special Branch men at the port through which he came that he was subsequently taken into custody at a famous London hotel and promptly banished.

"Marked men"

All types and classes figure in the stories of men and women who are "turned back." Only quite recently a man who was known to be a notorious American sharepusher, and who had associated with international financiers of dubious character, was stopped and questioned at Southampton.

His passport, which was Canadian—quite a number of Canadian passports have recently come under the notice of the authorities, by the way—appeared to be in order and he was allowed to enter.

Information was received from the United States which pointed to the fact that he was undesirable, but it was not strong enough for the Special Branch officers to act at once.

So he was permitted to journey to London, where he settled down in a comfortable hotel. Nevertheless, from the moment of his arrival there he was a "marked man."

The Special Branch had reported his disembarkation and, with the suspicions which had already been aroused about him, he was watched constantly. Very soon he was seen to be associating with known sharepushers, and further enquiry revealed that he was identical with a man who, years before, had been deported from this country by the Home Office.

He was supposed to be of American nationality then! Like many others have done, it is now officially known that he somehow managed to obtain a Canadian passport to cover up his return.

It is due to the keenness of the Special Branch that he was recently arrested, and is now back on the other side of the Atlantic.

Special attention has lately been paid by Special Branch officers to men of his kidney, and several suspected "financiers" have already been turned back without even being permitted to land.

Few escape

So it may be on the spot, or subsequently after a further period of enquiry work quietly done, that the men of the Special Branch "get their man." Whichever may be the case, their eye is always vigilant and their job well done. That is why the criminals who hope to make a rich harvest here so often find themselves hopelessly beaten.

A few of them manage to get through, it is true. But owing to the close and efficient collaboration between the sleuths at the ports and the men at headquarters, they are usually traced—with much more rapidity than was the case a few years ago—and ordered to leave the country.

And, with one or two exceptions, they do so without making any of the big hauls they had so elaborately planned.

Such is the story of the Special Branch—how quietly and efficiently it works in "turning back" at the ports rogues and impostors of international notoriety who are not wanted within our own shores.

The Human Machine

Look Up and *Laugh!*

LIFE, as far as human beings are concerned, is a way of living. We can, for instance, live cheerfully or we can live in an atmosphere of gloom. We can live in a little narrow groove, or we can live freely and fully, extending our mental horizons every day by the cultivation of fresh interests and the acquisition of new knowledge.

And, on the whole, our way of living is the result of our own choice. It is the creation of our own mind, the result of our habits of thought. No one and nothing has the power to impose it on us from without.

So it follows that a happy life is not dependent on the number of our possessions, nor on the size of our income. It is mostly a matter of developing a sense of proportion, of developing the ability to "see life steadily and see it whole."

The world is a big place. It has lots of people in it, and lots of things. There is no sense in confining one's mind to a little corner of it.

Life—our way of living—is what we think it, just as much as what we make it. How many of us really believe that life isn't worth living—no matter how many times we may glibly say so in the course of a day?

The things in life that irritate us are a drop in the ocean beside the things that interest us and amuse us and please us. We only see tragedy and calamity stretching out so big because they are so rare. Isn't it true that we tend to take the pleasant things of life for granted because they are so common?

If we would only sometimes think about it, we should realise that the world is stuffed full of good things, beautiful things, good people, kind people, happy people.

If you don't realise this, it's because you don't want to realise it—in which case you've no one to blame but yourself.

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JOHN BULL'S *Open Letter to the* KING *of* GREECE

YOUR MAJESTY,—In Europe "this King business" is not what it used to be by any means, and no one could have blamed you if you had declined the invitation to resume your seat upon a most uneasy throne.

But you went back to Athens like a sportsman, and "even the ranks of Tuscany"—as represented by the Republicans in this instance—"could scarce forbear to cheer."

May I respectfully congratulate you, not so much upon your restoration, as upon your evident resolve to see a difficult job through in the truly Royal manner?

You, at all events, could not have been deceived by the plebiscite which recalled you, when the ballot was no more secret than a scandal at a mothers' meeting. You knew very well that General Kondylis, far more royalist than the King, hoped that you would become a puppet in his hands.

But you have quite out-generalled the General. Now he is an ex-Premier and you have ceased to be an ex-King. That is an achievement in itself.

* * *

Unless one counts Carol of Rumania, you are the first of the post-war exiled monarchs to resume the crown. One or two of them, I fancy, have found that kingship is the "unknown quantity" whereas the "ex" spells a comfortable and carefree exile.

Even in your case I imagine that you would have been glad enough personally to forgo the trappings of Royalty in order to escape its traps.

Be that as it may, you evidently made up your mind that if your people wanted a king again, a king they should have, and not a marionette dancing to such strings as a dictator may pull.

Your first royal act was, therefore, to declare an amnesty for all rebels, not excepting that veteran Republican, Venizelos, himself.

They say that after you had won your battle with Kondylis and forced this amnesty through against strong opposition, you sighed like a weary man and remarked simply: "I am very happy at having done my duty." For king or cobbler that is the only happiness worth while, and it is the one to which our own king, George V, has most resolutely aspired.

I cannot help wondering whether your stay in this country as our guest and your close association with our own Royal Family have not helped you to form so wise and lofty a conception of kingship? Here you have witnessed life in the last stronghold of freedom and yet observed a free people's spontaneous homage to a great King's Silver Jubilee.

I greatly admire your regal generosity of outlook. You were not content to grant an amnesty to the rebels. No; you granted them a restitution of all their confiscated properties.

More than that—you said: "I will not accept a faked plebiscite; I shall proclaim a new and free election in which my subjects can vote for me, or against me, in secrecy and in safety."

Your Majesty, I take off my hat to you for the honesty and courage of that decision. Let us hope you will never regret it.

Already your political "enemies" of yesterday are becoming your friends of to-day. Your new Premier is preaching a gospel of free elections and fidelity to international engagements. And your people, as a whole, whatever their particular politics, are being won over to the support of a constitutional monarchy.

Even Venizelos declares: "My toleration is gradually growing into real sympathy for the difficult and noble task undertaken by the King, and I express fervent wishes for his ultimate success."

For many years now Greece has been torn by rival factions. It has been the curse of your country since the days of Turkish domination. The common people have been no more than pawns in the political game.

* * *

You return to Athens with a new gospel of sane nationalism. You return as a king and offer your people a liberty which would terrify the new dictators.

Can it be coincidence that you declare an amnesty just when Hitler is ordering a fresh "purge," or that you insist upon a free election while Italy is kept in darkness, bankrupt of news, and blindfolded by a dictator's slave Press?

Perhaps it is unsafe to speculate upon these matters. The plain facts are that you have returned to Greece as a King who upholds freedom, and as a ruler who recognises the people's rule.

Republican or monarchist—the label matters little provided the people are free to shape their own destiny in peace and harmony. It seems that you are aiming to give your own countrymen the large freedom which, when you were in exile here, you saw the British people enjoy.

You probably have some difficult days in store for you, but I wish Your Majesty long life and prosperity in that endeavour.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN,
10, Downing Street

DEAR MRS. BALDWIN,—You are proving the truth of my contention that motherhood *can* be made safer.

Eighteen months ago Rhondda Valley women were dying in childbirth at the rate of three a month. You and your friends opened four ante-natal clinics, sent down two experts from Queen Charlotte's Hospital, provided special foods and dressings.

Result—there has not been a maternity death in the district for three months.

Dare the Ministry of Health officials still say that the problem is insoluble?

JOHN BULL.

Rev. EMLYN JONES,
Holloway, London, N.

REVEREND SIR,—When the clothes of your young maid caught fire last May, you and your wife were badly hurt in putting out the flames.

Twice, since, you have given large portions of your skin in an effort to save her from death, so that even that brave wife of yours thinks you the pluckiest person she has met.

Yet you worry about missing your sermon. As if your whole life isn't one!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE PORTER,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—"I am not in full possession of the facts, but I think the course taken by the magistrates is extremely unfortunate," you said when a young mother was acquitted at Leeds Assizes.

Because her baby had died, she had been accused of murder, or infanticide, or manslaughter, or destruction of infant life—and kept in jail for three months before her innocence was proved.

Surely this terrible case is a further proof of the need for magistrates who possess legal training?

JOHN BULL.

ELLEN,
Liverpool

DEAR ELLEN,—I should give your full name if you were brave on a battlefield, but as you are a girl of sixteen waging your family's war against poverty, to do so would not be fair to the people at home, would it?

But I must tell how, on a public assistance allowance and while your mother looks for work, you tend your six fatherless brothers and sisters so well that the Lady Mayoress describes you as Britain's best "little mother."

I'm glad you got three of them new clothes the other day, though you broke down and wept at the gift. When you get the clothes you deserve, Ellen, they'll be fit for a queen.

JOHN BULL.

Sir FREDERICK G. HOPKINS,
Cambridge

DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—I'm glad that you—the discoverer of vitamins—have spoken out against vitamin worship.

Some of the people who would feed the workless on vitamins should note your remark that the chief need is still simple food of the right variety and the right quantity.

Some vitamin diets would leave a family so hungry that I can imagine them shouting. "Vitamins be blowed! Give us a good suet-pudding!"

JOHN BULL.

Sir J. FOSTER FRASER: Motorists suffer for misdeeds of minority of their class, you say. So do pedestrians.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. SIR JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—For six weeks a boy has been kicking his heels in a Surrey County Council remand home waiting for admission to an approved school.

With nothing to occupy his mind, allowed only twenty minutes' exercise in a yard and then confined in a room for the rest of the day, his existence is miserable and demoralising.

Will you remind the council—the responsible authority—of its plain duty?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. CYRIL NORWOOD,
St. John's College, Oxford

DEAR DOCTOR,—You are in favour of putting a penny tax on every ticket of admission to football, cricket and tennis matches, and to racecourses, to provide funds for public playing fields throughout the country.

That is a sporting suggestion in more senses than one.

I agree that it is no use complaining that the young are mere watchers of games when they have nowhere to play.

JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Cardiff

GENTLEMEN,—Thanks to the generosity of an anonymous donor, you are going to build twenty-five cottages for aged couples. They will be let at a rental of two or three shillings a week.

You must be proud to number so practical a benefactor among your citizens.

JOHN BULL.

Lord RIVERDALE: Trouble with trade is too much one-way traffic, you think. And too many tariff hold-ups.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. DOUGLAS COWBURN,
South London Coroner

DEAR MR. COWBURN,—You have refused to divulge the contents of a letter, addressed to a woman, found in the pocket of a dead man. And every decent person will endorse your reason:

"To make private letters public, so that they can be read by all and sundry, is cruel and unnecessary, and inflicts endless pain to relatives and all concerned."

I wish every coroner were as anxious to avoid the causing of needless suffering.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. SMITH,
Mayor of Lowestoft

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—After granting six extensions to a hotel manager you have refused the seventh because the occasion was a Y.M.C.A. dance, and you "can't imagine what the public would think if a Bench granted a drinking extension to a Christian association—the thing is so absurd."

If you assume that people who drink at dances are all non-Christians, I think you are absurdly wrong.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. MANLEY ROBERTS,
Institution of Electrical Engineers

DEAR SIR,—I have strongly criticised the failure of the Electricity Board to provide cheap current for small consumers.

Now you—an expert—declare that large users of power do not obtain bulk supplies because such supplies are too dear.

The Board owes industrial managers an official reply to your charge.

It should be made without delay.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. R. FAIRBAIRN,
Worcester City Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—"Damn the regulations!" you exclaimed when told that the public assistance officials had no option but to refuse out-relief to an unmarried mother and to advise her to go into the "House."

I share your view that those who administer relief have no right to enquire into the morals of applicants, still less to brand young children with the stigma of pauperdom.

We want more humanity in our regulations, you say.

Yes, and less hypocrisy.

JOHN BULL.

Lord MACMILLAN: "Can you conceive anything more terrible than world composed entirely of Scotsmen?" Obviously, world without Scotsmen.—JOHN BULL.

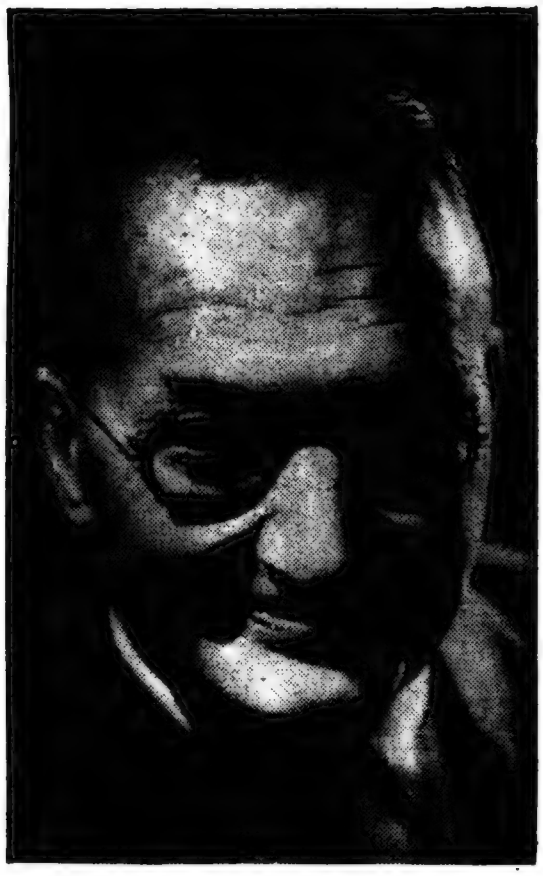
The MAGISTRATES,
Ystrad, Glamorgan

YOUR WORSHIPS,—The police tell you that they are "constantly pestered" with women coal-stealers.

But the explanation might be found at near-by Merthyr, where the workless have managed to obtain a special coal allowance because their houses are very old and need extra fires to safeguard health.

And I hope you will remember the difficulties of the poor in Ystrad when dealing with future cases of coal thefts.

JOHN BULL.



Christopher Stone's friendly Tip :-

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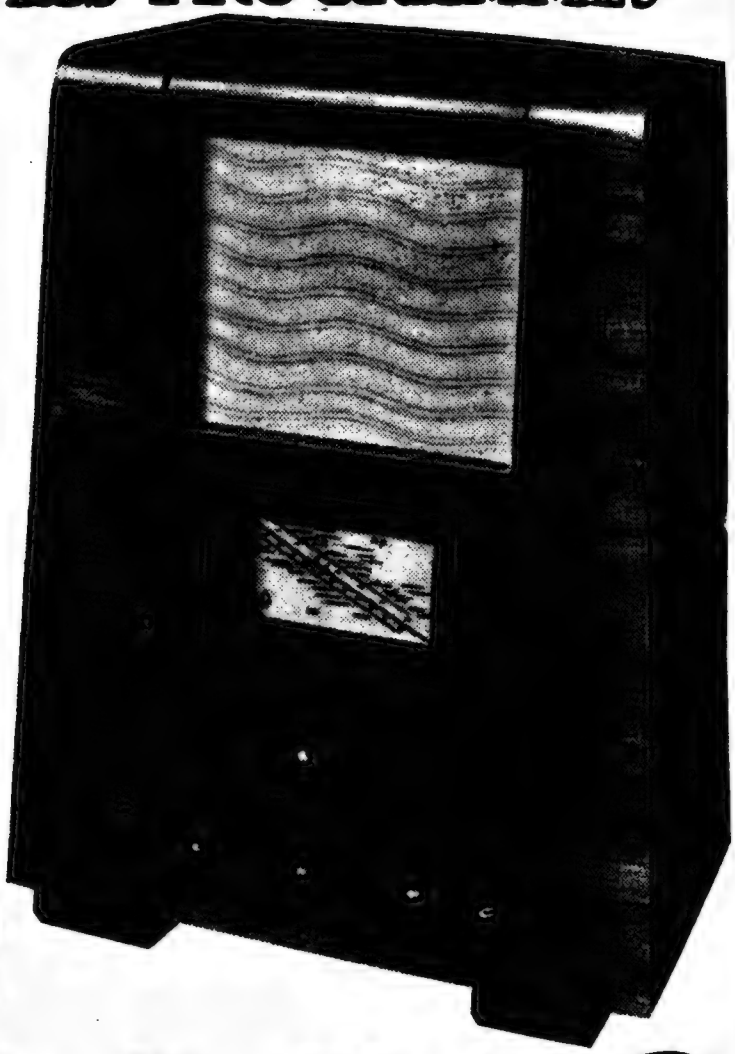
I am looking forward to the very happy time my Bush Radio will give me and let me wish you too, "Happy Listening" both at Christmas and in the future.



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A Bishop Goes All Wrong

by A. G. GARDINER

AN extraordinary remark which the Bishop of London made in a sermon in Westminster Abbey the other night has brought upon him a good deal of criticism. He was preaching on the subject of miracles, and said, "The miracles of the British Broadcasting Corporation make the miracles of the New Testament look like child's play."

And, developing this astonishing thesis, he added: "It is only those who take a narrow-minded view of nature who do not understand that there are laws of nature that we do not yet know."

I do not know what effect this deliverance had upon the congregation in Westminster Abbey; but its publication has naturally shocked both the orthodox and the unorthodox. It has shocked the former by the assumption that the miracles of the Bible are on the same plane as the "miracles" of science.

The feeding of the five thousand, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, the Resurrection itself are, according to Bishop Ingram, subject to the operation of material causes similar to those which produce the voice that issues from the loud-speaker in our sitting-room or kitchen.

We happen to know the laws of nature which produce the voice from the loud-speaker, and we do not know the laws which govern the raising of Lazarus. But if we did know them we should find that they were just as natural and intelligible as the laws which govern broadcasting.

This, of course, does not so much explain the miracles as explain them away. The very essence of the case for the validity of the Biblical miracles is that they are not natural, but supernatural. They are the result of a divine intervention above and outside the laws of nature.

IF they are not that, they are not "miracles" at all in the sense in which the Church has understood the word for two thousand years. They are, in the Bishop's phrase, "child's play" in comparison with the marvels of modern science which enable me to put one gadget to my ear and listen to a voice speaking to me from New York and touch another gadget with my hand and illuminate a palace or float a ship in Sydney, twelve thousand miles away.

It is small wonder that this materialistic explanation of the Biblical miracles, pronounced from Westminster Abbey by a great dignitary of the Church, should have alarmed the faithful.

"Are we to conclude that the Church to-day does in fact belittle the Gospel stories?" asks a troubled correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. And I think the Bishop owes him an answer.

But he must clear his mind before he attempts a reply. He must not confuse the "miracle" of general speech with the "miracle" of theological speech. In the former sense everything is a miracle:

"Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles."

says Whitman, and then his eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, ranges over the whole vision of life, sea and sky, light and dark, the bees around the hive on a summer afternoon, the animals in the fields, the new moon in Spring, the sun in the heavens, the stranger opposite in the car, the tides ebbing and flowing by the seashore, the song of birds, the drone of insects, and he pronounces all things miracles.

And in common speech they are so. They are the marvels of nature, subject to the laws that govern nature. We know those laws so exactly that we can measure the turn of the tide to a second of time and forecast the eclipse of the sun a thousand years hence as easily as we can foretell the coming of the swallows.

Modern science by the study of those laws has multiplied these miracles so that we can fly the Atlantic between dawn and sunset, and swim under the sea like the leviathans of the deep, and send our voice echoing round the world in a couple of minutes, and dance in a Scotch bothie to a band playing in Vienna.

But these wonders of nature and of the scientific exploitation of natural laws have nothing to do with the miracles of the Bible. Those miracles are not merely not consistent with the known laws of nature.

THEY are contrary to the known laws of nature. And if it were discovered—as Dr. Ingram seems to assume it may be discovered—that they were performed in virtue of some law of nature not yet revealed by science they would cease to be "miracles" in the only sense that the Church recognises.

In a word, the Bishop in seeking for a natural explanation of the miracles inferentially rejects the supernatural interpretation. He reduces them to the plane of materialistic phenomena, like broadcasting or aviation or hypnotism or any other of the multitudinous applications of science.

He does not, it is true, fall into the old fallacy of confounding miracles (things happening contrary to nature) with natural things the grounds of which we cannot explain. That fallacy was employed very audaciously by Sir Thomas More, now canonised as St. Thomas More by the Catholic Church. In his "Dialogue Concerning Heresies," in which he defends miracles done at Saints' shrines, on Pilgrimages, etc., he sets out to show that the raising of a man from the dead is no more and no less of a miracle than the miracle of birth. With the candour of his times he explains how a child was begotten and raised to man's estate, adding: "And methinketh that this is as great a miracle as the raising of a dead man."

IN Whitman's sense of the word "miracle" it is. In the theological sense it is mere juggling with words. Begetting a child is a natural process—mysterious and wonderful, it is true, but obedient to nature's law. Raising a man from the dead is a supernatural act. It is not only not according to nature's law. It is contrary to that law.

The Bishop has not entangled himself in that fallacy, but if words mean anything he has committed himself to the doctrine that the miracles of the New Testament were all ultimately due to natural laws, as broadcasting or any other modern scientific invention is. Science has only to discover what those laws are to be able to repeat the phenomena—the raising of the dead, the miraculous draught of fishes, and so on.

But having discovered the law the "miracle" would disappear. It would not be a divine intervention over-riding natural law. It would only be a miracle in the sense that the rising of the sun is a miracle and in which everything is a miracle.

The Bishop does not mean that. He is not intending to offer a materialistic solution of the miracles or seeking to "belittle the Gospel stories." But he has got confused in his thinking.

He must try again. The miracles are supernatural acts transcending reason and acceptable only by faith, or they cease to be miracles at all in the Church's sense.

The raising of Jairus' daughter, after the painting by Jacomb Hood

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

MODERN science, all agree,
Is a boon;
By its instruments we see
To the moon;
It can weigh the sun and stars,
Spot canals on distant Mars,
And may take us there in cars
Very soon!

Even more unlikely things
It may try,
And pigs it may with wings
Yet supply;
For, if all its claims are true,
With a serum, strange and new,
It can now detect when you
Tell a lie!

Even the least imaginative citizen must feel a stirring in his thinking apparatus when told that a drug has been found which has the psychological effect of forcing the person to whom it is administered to speak the truth, whether he likes it or not.

And this, be it noted, is not one of those pseudo-scientific statements offered to a wondering world by the *Sunday Scream*, but is based on an announcement made by Mr. Henry T. F. Rhodes in an address at the annual meeting of the British Association of Chemists.

"Scopolamine" is the name of the drug in question; so if you ever see it mentioned in the doctor's prescription it might be as well to pour the mixture down the sink or give it to your neighbour's parrot.

Already experiments with scopolamine have been tried on criminals in America, with, it is said, startling results. Probably even more startling results might be obtained if a dose or two were administered to a canvasser or a salesman.

In fact, the more one thinks of its infinite possibilities the more desirable it seems that scopolamine should forthwith be placed on the list of dangerous drugs and its sale forbidden in the interests of Big Business, political life and domestic peace.

It is, of course, understood that the Psalmist spoke in his haste when he declared "All men are liars." But even if he had taken plenty of time to think there is no special reason why he should have altered his opinion.

For all of us (even those who don't make a habit of cutting down the old pot's favourite cherry tree with their little hatchets) find that a certain amount of lying is necessary to make life at all bearable.

This being so, a drug which renders truth-telling compulsory must be regarded as an interference with the liberty of the subject and a boil on the neck of social intercourse.

Anything but the Truth

The temper of a sage is tasked
When only truth is told;
A woman when her age is asked
Prefers a falsehood bold;
For who can think it proper
The blessed truth to spill
At moments when a whopper
Is what best fills the bill?

The truth is a commodity
Too precious far to waste;
It is, in fact, an oddity
Not meant for ev'ry taste!
So few will wet their throttles
When chemists start to sell
The truth done up in bottles—
It's better in a well!

Granny says

I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

'I think she means it makes me grow strong. Everybody says what a big girl I am getting since I have been having Fry's Cocoa. It's got such a lovely flavour, and Doctor says I must have it every day.'

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA PER ¼ LB. NET WEIGHT 5½d.

FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

CO.219.181135

RELIEF FOR 2D.

THE PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD

COLDS 'FLU PAIN Stopped for 2d

In these days when every shilling counts, what a wonderful boon it is to be able to spend only 2d. to get relief from Colds and 'Flu, Aches and Pains.

Millions needed a fine effective remedy *at a price within the reach of the million* and this need has been thoroughly and magnificently met by the World-famed Beecham Laboratories.

"How could it be done at the price?" people asked. "The colossal demand," Beechams said, "will enable us to sell for 2d."

The introduction of Beechams Brand Powders is now a matter of history. Their rise to fame was assured from the first.

Now EVERYBODY takes Beechams Powders. The British Public have PROVED them by their own personal experience to be unequalled for:

COLDS CHILLS 'FLU
HEADACHES NEURALGIA
SCIATICA RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS LUMBAGO

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3.
Single Powders 2d. each.
Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere
A BEECHAM PRODUCT

ONE PENNY

Beechams BRAND *Powders*

2D. BRINGS RELIEF

1935 1935

WHY PAY MORE?

The FORGERY 'Quads'

SOME weeks ago JOHN BULL was able to throw a flood of light on the activities of a forgery gang which has been specialising in the circulation of forged travellers' cheques, spurious bank drafts and letters of credit.

Now we propose to reveal some of the equally amazing operations of a separate gang of four expert forgers who are causing anxiety to the authorities throughout the country.

So much so, that the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has recently taken a distinguished detective-inspector off all other work and provided him with several of the best junior officers of the Yard in order to break up the gang and bring its four most active members to book.

At the head of these forgery "quads" is a skilful forger whose record is as colourful as it is bad.

He rarely uses his real name nowadays and his aliases are far too numerous to mention.

He is known as "The Chief" of this audacious band, and has for years associated with rogues of the "Jim the Penman" type.

Among his present confederates are several men who have prison records, and at least one woman who is known in the underworld as a veritable "queen" of thieves.

The forgery "quads" work all their coups in four moves.

Quite recently a man, who had established himself in comparative style at a private hotel in a Surrey town, walked into a bank and asked to see the manager. He said that he had just settled down there temporarily while looking for a suitable house in which to seek retirement from long years of business worries.

Move Number One

He was elderly in appearance, and of a frank and unassuming type. The credentials he produced seemed to be quite genuine, so his request to open a small account was confidently accepted.

Although this transaction seemed so ordinary, *it actually marked the beginning of one of the typical coups of the gang.* For the charming and "retired" caller at the bank was a member of this band of swindlers, playing move Number One.

Meanwhile, another member of the forgery organisation got in touch with a wealthy resident in the district, whose name is well known and whose credit is of an excellent character. By means of a cleverly worded letter, relating to a mythical proposition, merely concocted for the purpose, a reply was obtained which, though it turned down the offer, provided "The Chief" and his friends with just what they wanted.

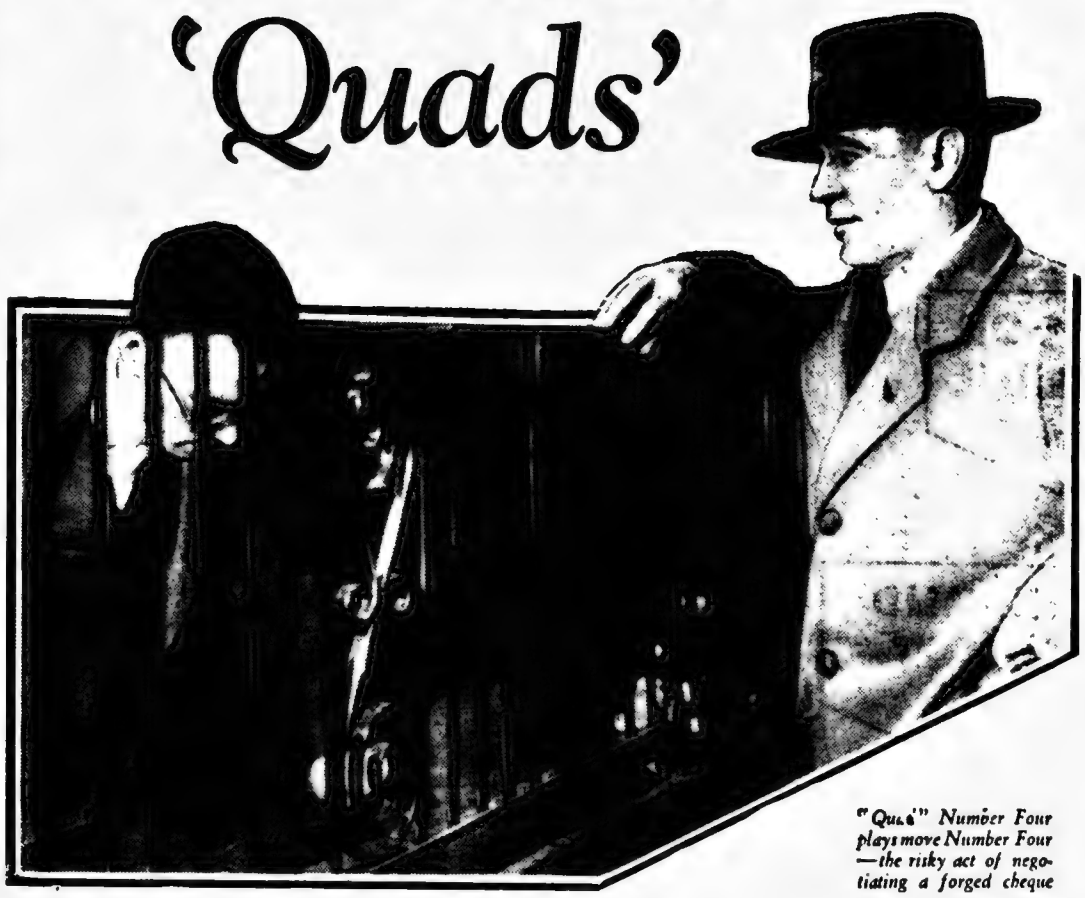
This was move Number Two—and it was made in the way we have described *in order to provide the signature of the man thus approached.*

Move Number Three was carried out by another of these super-adventurers. The four principal forgers had the signature photographed, made several prints of it, and kept one each.

Then they set to work to effect move Number Four.

This was to copy the signature on to some of the cheques which had been so cunningly obtained by the "retired business man" confederate, and to make them out for varying sums.

For the man whose signature was obtained and forged in this ingenious manner also kept one of his accounts—and a very substantial one—at the same bank!



"Quad" Number Four plays move Number Four—the risky act of negotiating a forged cheque

Amazed dupe

Two of the cheques were actually passed without the slightest demur at the bank itself, while others have been negotiated in different ways with hotels or tradespeople.

When we say that the dupe himself was amazed at the accuracy of the forgeries, and at first refused to believe that it was not his own, it is not hard to find an excuse for the people deceived into cashing them.

In another instance a well-built man, who looked very prosperous and appeared to have plenty of time on his hands, entered a provincial bank with a cheque made out for a sum running into three figures.

The signature appeared to be that of a well-known client at the bank, and the clerk handed over the money—as he was requested to do in £10 notes—to the visitor who acted his part so well that he counted it out carefully and lit a cigar before making his departure!

How the specimen signature of the real client or the cheque form was obtained in this case is not known. Cheques bearing this second dupe's signature, however, have been passed in different parts to the known figure of more than £400.

It is unnecessary, now we have shown the procedure adopted by these forgery "quads," to go on giving specific instances of their individual exploits, as all fall more or less into the same category.

But coups of the same type have been pulled off in various towns in all parts of the country during the past few months with most conspicuous success.

The extent to which these penmen have worked so successfully may be illustrated in the fact that Scotland Yard is already in possession of undeniable evidence which proves that, in less than three or four months, over £22,000 has been procured through forged cheques negotiated so masterfully.

Investigations have established the fact that signatures are not always derived from "planned" correspondence with respective dupes, but are taken from business letters stolen from offices and hotels. The latter medium is one of the best for "The Chief" and his confederates for expert hotel thieves find it an easy task to enter the rooms of absent guests and steal papers and cheque-books to further their clever schemes.

"The Chief" might well pride himself on his efficiency as leader of this gang, for he was at one time connected with a number of crooks whose leading light was the notorious Graham Davis, who is at present serving a twelve years' sentence for the leading part he took in one of the worst forgery scandals since the war.

Titled and business men of wealth and position were mulcted of sums running into tens of thousands by Davis and his associates.

A little time after Davis had been sent to prison "The Chief" polished up the rudiments of the craft he had learned and started a gang of his own.

He was placed in the dock at the Old Bailey with three other men and, after a long trial, sentenced to a long spell in jail.

When he came out of prison "The Chief" started on a criminal career again, and, following a short sentence for theft—which was poor stuff for him—he returned to the more lucrative field of crime, forgery.

Well, he and his associates have had a long run. It should be ended!

Injured Girl's Ordeal

FEW people would wish an eleven-year-old school-girl who had broken a bone in her arm while at play to make the journey to her home, one and a half mile distant, without anybody to accompany her.

Yet this has been the unhappy experience of little Sheila Miller, who attends school at Winfrith, Dorset.

Not long ago she was playing with her companions in the school yard during the luncheon recess.

While climbing a tree her foot slipped, and in falling to the ground she broke her arm.

A girl who was playing with her at the time of the accident took her to an assistant teacher, and eventually she was taken to a doctor by another teacher.

This was at 2 p.m., and the doctor gave certain instructions for the child's welfare. So, suffering from shock and pain, the injured girl was taken back to school, where the facts were reported.

Sheila Miller says that she was asked, "Can you go home alone?" and, pluckily, the girl replied, "Yes."

In the circumstances, and in view of the fact that her home was at least a mile and a half distant, it seems that the least that could have been done was for her to be sent home in a conveyance of some sort.

But no; on the strength of her courageous "Yes" she was allowed to proceed on her long journey without an escort.

It was a wild day, with a strong wind blowing across the countryside, and heavy rain was beating in her face when Sheila Miller, holding her injured arm close to her side to ease the throbbing pain, set out on the lonely walk to her home.

But for the intervention of a good-hearted woman of the village, the school-girl might probably have fainted and collapsed in the deserted country lanes that led to her home.

* * *

Fortunately, as Sheila went through the village she was stopped by Mrs. Toms, a kindly soul, who asked her what was the matter. When Mrs. Toms heard of the girl's accident she arranged for her to be taken home in the village baker's motor-car. The girl arrived at her home at East Chaldon in a state of collapse.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that her parents were indignant at the manner in which their daughter had been treated.

Having reviewed the whole of the circumstances of this unfortunate case, we suggest most emphatically that the board of school managers should enquire into the facts.

STILL TIME!

SHOPKEEPERS are reminded that they have still time to stake their claim to the *must-be-won* prize of £1,000.

If they have not already entered, they should send for full details *now* to: JOHN BULL Window Display Contest, 67, Long Acre, W.C.2.

A display outfit will reach them by return, and they can begin building up a prize-winning shop window display right away. Shopkeepers who may have mislaid their display outfits should write for another, marking their envelopes "Duplicate."

Shoppers, too, are competing eagerly for the prize of £100 that is offered for the best advertising slogan of not more than twelve words relating to any product featured in a window display marked with a JOHN BULL Window Display Contest Sign between October 1 and December 31. Entry Forms can be obtained at the shops where you see the display sign.

A selection of the slogans sent in will be published each week, each sender receiving £1.

Here are the slogans for last week:—

RECKITTS' BLUE: *"The Bluer the water the whiter the wash."—Mr. Jack Barnes, 48, Holstein Street, Preston.*

BOVRIL: *"A daily Bovril for 'weakly' people."—Mr. P. Dennis, "Denmark," 38 Hunloke Avenue, Eastbourne.*

THE SIGN OF GOOD WINES & GOOD SPIRITS

In every home, on all occasions

Gilbey's WINES & SPIRITS

ODDS-ON COCKTAIL 3/6

W. & A. Gilbey Ltd.

SPEY ROYAL WHISKY 12/6

INVALID PORT 4/6

BONITA SHERRY 4/6

RUBICON AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY 4/6

CRYSTAL GIN 12/-

Full list of all our wines and spirits obtainable at all licensed dealers

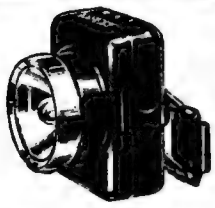
CYCLE BATTERY LAMPS

The Finest Range—the Widest Choice is

Whatever type of Cycle battery lamp you need, there is a reliable Lucas "King of the Road" Lamp to suit you. Ten battery models, at prices from 2/6 to 18/6. See them at your dealers or write to Dept. 53 for free coloured literature.

LUCAS

No. 395. De Luxe Model with large reflector, twin batteries, dimming switch, strong spring back. Ebony Black, Chrome Rim 7/6



No. 699SS. Powerful Model with dimming switch giving full or reduced light, long-life battery, strong spring back. Ebony Black, Chrome Rim 4/3

No. 88. A well-tried favourite. Compact, strong, with neat carrying handle, etc. Ebony Black, Chrome Rim 3/3

No. 88. A new Model. Strong body, positive switch, silvered reflector. Ebony Black with Plated Rim 2/6

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 19

20 YEARS' H.T. SUPPLY FROM THIS BATTERY

and the 13,300th day will find it just as new and powerful as the first day.

An H.T. battery which will last and keep its freshness and power for a score of years is not a fantastic dream, but a fact proved by 100,000 users of Milnes Units.

The Milnes Unit never wears out—its nickel-cadmium plates are practically indestructible. It need never run down, for it recharges automatically from the L.T. whenever the set is not in use. Just turn the switch. No mains needed. No carrying to charge. No trouble and practically no expense. Costs only a few pence a week to run. Improves volume, tone and range of all makes and types of battery sets.

You can buy a Milnes Unit on easy Hire-Purchase terms. 120 volt from 6/1 per month. The Milnes Unit saves its cost as you use it.

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOK.

MILNES H.T. SUPPLY UNIT

MEANS FULL ENJOYMENT OF XMAS BROADCASTS

A wealth of good entertainment is promised for Christmas.

Fit a Milnes Unit to your battery set and cut out all risk of failure. Fills your set with punch and power such as you never imagined. Fitted in a few minutes in place of the dry battery.

Ask your Radio dealer to demonstrate the Milnes Unit on your own set.

The Milnes Unit will outlive a hundred batteries. It will outlast a dozen sets.

GET ONE FOR CHRISTMAS

MILNES RADIO CO., LTD., CHURCH ST., BINGLEY, YORKS.

Please send me your FREE Book about the Milnes Unit. No obligation.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... J.6.

County .....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.
Stick coupon to envelope flap to avoid loss.

I.F.S. Enquiries only should be addressed to Kelly & Shiel Ltd., 46, Fleet St., Dublin. All other enquiries to Milnes Radio Co., Ltd., Church St., Bingley, Yorks.

Boy Banished for *Nine* Years

TO be banished from the home of his parents for a period of nine years was the decision recently imposed by a Juvenile Court on a child.

The boy concerned, whose name we withhold in deference to official requirements in all such cases, is nine years old, and has done nothing more serious than engage in a childish prank.

It happens that the route from this boy's home to his school lies through a field. Last December, as he passed through the field on his way to school he saw a coat that a labourer had left hanging on a fence.

A watch-chain caught his eye, and in a twinkling the boy had taken the watch which was attached to the chain.

With this new treasure in his possession, the young scholar went blithely on his way to school, unaware of the enormity of his offence, which was to result in his being banished from his home until he reaches the age of eighteen.

Foster-mother

Lessons that fateful day went on as usual, and it was not until the morrow that a police officer interviewed the child, who innocently admitted that "he had always wanted a watch."

In more enlightened days punishment of the child would have been left to the boy's father. But such a common-sense method of dealing with this lad's first offence is not the modern way.

He was taken before the Juvenile Court, and, to the surprise of his parents, a medical official certified him as "Mentally deficient." This before the parents had any opportunity of taking their son to their own doctor, or of refuting the allegation in any way.

However, the Juvenile Court dealt with this young offender under the Children and Young Persons Act of 1933, and committed him to the care of a "fit person." In this case it meant the care of a foster-mother at a seaside town, where he has been since last February.

This foster-mother has also the care of two children who are attending a school for mental deficients, but the boy with whose case we are dealing is not being treated in the way that one would expect in such circumstances.

He is, in fact, attending an ordinary elementary school as an ordinary pupil!

Yet at the home of his foster-mother he is brought in close contact daily with two boys who are definitely mentally deficient. The harmful psychological effect of these circumstances is not difficult to imagine!

Logic seems to have deserted the officials responsible for the banishment of this child until he reaches the age of eighteen!

Backward

For if he is mentally deficient, why in the name of common-sense is he sent to an ordinary school and not to one catering for the mentally deficient? The authorities cannot have it both ways.

The fact is that this boy, in our opinion, is simply a little backward in his schooling because of a period of two years' bad health and periods spent in hospital.

The education of thousands of children throughout the country is retarded slightly in similar circumstances; but to brand them as "mentally deficient" would be a monstrous travesty of justice. Why, then, should it be permitted in the present case?

A JOHN BULL representative who called the other day at the school at which the boy attends found him a bright-eyed and intelligent youngster who is thoroughly normal in behaviour.

He is admittedly slow at arithmetic, and he is not the bright scholar who will find his way to the top of his class in examinations, but there is nothing in his behaviour or his answers to questions to suggest that he is in any way abnormal.

The authorities, we would stress again, cannot have it both ways. If this youngster can hold his own, as he is doing, at an ordinary school nearly fifty miles from his home, there is obviously no reason why he should not be attending an ordinary school at his home town and living with his parents.

We have visited his home, and can vouch that the house is trim, well kept, and scrupulously clean. His father, who has been employed at a local store for many years, is a man of excellent character living happily with his wife.

"If there was anything wrong with my boy and he was receiving proper treatment, I should be the last person in the world to complain," is the father's frank declaration. "But to drag him away from his home, send him to live among really defective boys with a foster-mother, and yet to allow him to attend an ordinary school, is just foolishness, and certainly is not justice.

"There has never been the slightest reason to think that there was anything wrong with my son's mentality. I cannot understand why he has been put in charge of an individual, instead of being sent to an institution where he could at least have received some form of treatment.

"The whole case is most mysterious, and my attempts to discover how my son was certified as mentally deficient have failed.

"Certainly it is a sad fact that for my boy's first offence he has been taken away from his home and placed in the care of a stranger for a period up to nine years."

Appeal made

Both the parents have fought valiantly to obtain the return of their child, but hard-faced officialdom is deaf to all entreaties.

An appeal to the Home Secretary was made, but he declined to take any action in the matter. In a letter on the subject he stated that:—

"The Order of the Court committing the boy to the care of a fit person remains in effect until he attains the age of eighteen, but it can be varied or revoked at any time by the Court on good cause being shown."

What greater "good cause" could be shown than the actual facts of the case here revealed?

Nobody who has knowledge of the boy's parents would dream of suggesting that they were not "fit" persons. They are just decent, ordinary people living in fair circumstances.

Injustice

Unless something is done these humble parents will not see their son back in his home until he reaches the age of eighteen.

Having thoroughly investigated the circumstances we are convinced that a grave injustice has been done to the boy and to the parents.

It is for this reason that we urge the authorities to reconsider this case in the light of the facts here disclosed, and to take immediate action to remedy the wrong that has been done.

We are confident that if the whole facts of the case are thoroughly investigated the authorities will realise that the present Gilbertian decree offers no solution to the problem of this very youthful offender.

Here undoubtedly is a case where hide-bound regulations and red-tape can be waived without creating any undesirable precedent.

Lord Wolmer, again chosen by his constituency as its M.P. He might well take up the case of this boy as one of his first jobs

—AND ALL FOR A PETTY THEFT!

SUFFERING

By Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SOME months ago an appeal came to me from a friend living at a distance. I knew he had been seriously ill for some time, and therefore was not surprised that he should ask me to come and see him once more. His message was written in pencil in a shaky hand; he did not mention his illness, but below the signature a single word was added—"suffering."

The pathos of that word touched me deeply; it told so much. My friend was not given to pitying himself; he was one of the bravest souls I ever knew, but at the time he wrote that note he had been tried to the limit of endurance by physical pain and mental depression.

Suffering!—the world is full of it, and I do not wonder that some people are embittered thereby and feel that words are cheap in the presence of real tragedy. One JOHN BULL reader has just written rather reproachfully to me for trying to cheer unfortunate people by telling them of the blind man who has managed to wring happiness out of his calamity.

* * *

It is a sad story that the writer tells. She is a widow; her husband was a small-holder who, after a vain struggle to make ends meet, in which she helped him as well as she could, was finally ruined by foreign competition in our home market. He was one of the best of men. She and he were everything to each other for thirty-six years, but his worries and troubles broke him down and she is now left alone.

She thinks I cannot know of the tens of thousands of younger men in this country who are being subjected to a similar hopeless strain and growing daily more resentful under it. Why should it have to be, she wants to know; and what is the good of preaching about it?

She is mistaken in thinking I am either ignorant of the facts or unmindful of the responsibility they impose upon would-be teachers of the unhappy. There is an ironical saying to the effect that it is quite easy to give advice about troubles you don't have to bear yourself; I never forget it.

Some people find a sort of relief in blaming God for all that is wrong with the world. I remember how startled I was when a person once exclaimed in my presence, "I think the world must have been created by a devil." The speaker was one whose heart had been nearly broken by the news of the terrible death of a beloved son. One could understand the outburst without agreeing with it or attempting to argue about it.

It is man, not God, that is the maker of unhappiness—I do not say of pain. Pain is not necessarily unhappiness.

We have recently been reading in the Press of a diver's battle with a fierce submarine snake in Australian waters. When in response to his signal he was hauled to the surface he was unconscious, and his companions lowered him again, being under the impression that he had fainted because he had been raised too quickly. The snake promptly finished him off.

Human ignorance and folly are doing this kind of thing all the time. We plunge one another into wretchedness without either realising or intending it.

The one glimmer of light that shines through it all is that nearly every fine thing in human nature depends for its existence upon the hardships of life being nobly borne and shared.

PLAYER'S for CHRISTMAS

THE GREATEST "COMPLEMENT" OF THE SEASON

Choosing Gifts — preparing parties. Here's a Christmas "complement" easily chosen. Everybody's favourite. Just ask for Player's Please and get them in these charming Christmas boxes—all ready to post.

PLAYER'S
IN CHRISTMAS POSTAL PACKETS

50 CARD BOX	2/5	100 CARD BOX	4/8	150 TIN	7/3
50 TIN	2/6	100 TIN	4/10	100 IN 5-20's	4/9½

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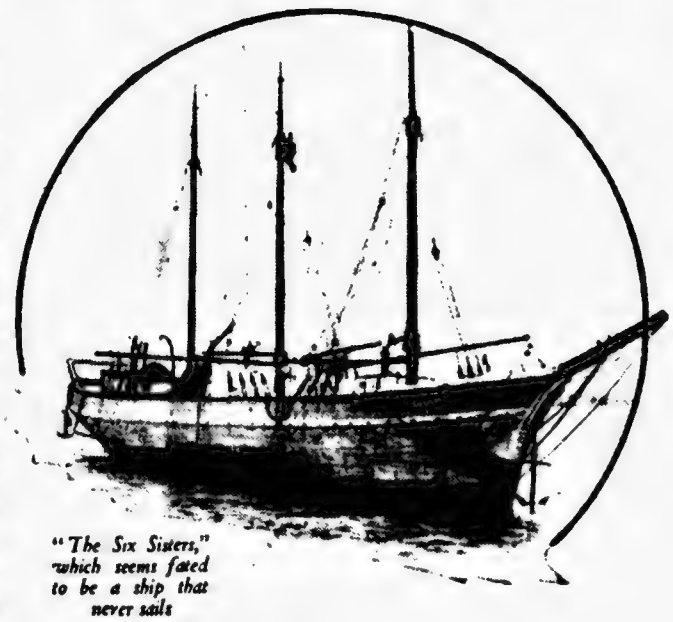
Mystery Ship *that* Never Sails

Captain Guy, genial skipper, whose stirring stories of romantic voyagings should be taken with more than a grain of salt

—A Warning from Sir Wyndham Childs



"The Six Sisters," which seems fated to be a ship that never sails

AN adventurous expedition to the West Indies and Brazil; life on board a sailing vessel; oceans to cross, storms to weather, visions of sunny lands—such are the romantic prospects which have cost a Kentish chauffeur and his wife their savings.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Beeslee, who are now in private service at Eastbourne, in Sussex.

Not so long ago they were led to pin their faith in a self-styled "master-mariner," the owner of a three-masted schooner fitted with an auxiliary engine lying in the River Humber, off the fishing village of Paull, in Yorkshire.

Tempted to forsake the monotonous security of domestic service in a quest for fortune, romance and adventure on the high seas, they are now sadder and wiser as the result of a most unfortunate experience.

Their plight should serve as a warning to others who may be similarly induced to stake their all on a similar venture.

The pity of it

They have followed a will-o'-the-wisp enterprise from Sutton Courtney, in Berkshire, to Paull; thence to Benenden, Kent, to Grimsby, Birmingham, London, Okehampton, Devonshire, and finally to Padstow and Fowey in Cornwall.

The pity of it is that had they consulted me before risking their little capital I could have saved them from the disappointment and loss they have now suffered.

Their trouble dates from the time when Mr. Beeslee inserted an advertisement and got into touch with the "master-mariner" of the schooner *Six Sisters*, a vessel of some 200 tons.

With a view to winning a measure of independence, my reader was willing to invest his little capital in a partnership; and when he received an invitation from Captain Rex Geoffrey Guy, describing the ship, outlining an expedition across the western ocean, and offering a berth as engineer in charge of a 120 h.p. Diesel engine, he was naturally thrilled.

According to Guy, the schooner was ready to sail almost at once; it was, in fact, imperative that she should leave Paull in a day or two on account of the peculiar tides.

Abandoned job

Cordially invited to visit Guy on board the vessel, the chauffeur was advised to alight at the aerodrome, proceed to a certain cottage—from whence the masts and spars of the *Six Sisters* were visible—and await the arrival of a boat.

My reader found the "skipper" most affable, and the result of the initial interview was that Mr. Beeslee and his wife abandoned their comfortable situation in Berkshire with the idea of filling a dual rôle at sea.

It was suggested that the schooner, calling either at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, or at Fowey, in Cornwall, outward bound, would pick up my reader and his wife, thus completing the ship's company.

At this stage Guy despatched a cheerful note and a newspaper cutting affording an account of the adventures of a schooner in the Pacific which was engaged in gun-running and exploring.

But whether or not the owner of the *Six Sisters* had adventures and hazards of this kind in view, days and weeks passed without Mr. and Mrs. Beeslee receiving notice to join the crew.

The couple, fresh from domestic service, were at their native home in Benenden, Kent, when news was received that the *Six Sisters*, having ventured out into the North Sea, had been towed into harbour by a tug, and that the tug-owners had pinned a writ on her foremast on account of salvage money that was due.

Guy now wrote the chauffeur saying that he stood to lose not only his vessel, but also £300 worth of stores, though he had another sea-going ship in view, a barquentine lying in port at Fowey.

He advised Mr. Beeslee to stay in Kent, and, in the meantime, to hang on to his money like grim death, suggesting at the same time that any other friends with capital to invest would be welcomed!

But the chauffeur did not know of anyone with cash they were anxious to part with in connection with a voyage to the West Indies. He had by this time been out of employment for ten weeks, so that his resources had dwindled.

It speaks volumes for Guy's plausibility that the faith of Mr. Beeslee and his wife was unshattered, and that they now threw up a fresh situation the moment Guy invited them to join him at Padstow.

Guy's next move was to induce my reader to join him in delivering some motor chassis from Birmingham to Ipswich, following which Mr. Beeslee accompanied him first to Wolverhampton and thence to Okehampton, in Devon.

Wives, families and relatives now on the scene added to the responsibility, to meet which Guy borrowed £10 at Okehampton in order to pay the hotel bill.

At Padstow, the following day, it was learned that the vessel alternative to the *Six Sisters* was already sold; yet, nothing daunted, Guy led the party to Fowey, there to inspect another sailing ship, a small schooner lying at anchor in the creek.

More money

The idea of sailing for the West Indies and Brazil was again discussed with vigour and enthusiasm, and Guy forthwith interviewed the owner of the vessel they saw at Fowey, offering to purchase her outright.

The chauffeur parted with more money, and spent a week with his wife cleaning, scrubbing and painting the ship in the expectation of sailing within a week or two at most. Guy held forth prospects of capital forthcoming through the death of a relative, though he had his doubts. Hope ran high that soon the entire company would be putting out to sea.

But a disappointing climax came rather suddenly, for at the end of a second week, when funds were found to be low, Guy announced his intention of going to Grimsby.

He went, but he did not return to Fowey. Mr. and Mrs. Beeslee were left to exist the best they could with a mere shilling or two that remained of their vanished savings.

Left without employment, they subsisted on bread and potatoes for a week, waiting for tidings from Captain Guy.

Stranded

When he did write it was simply to ask for his chest to be forwarded, and to put forward the excuse that Mrs. Beeslee was unsuited for the enterprise he had in mind!

My readers are therefore back in private service, their dreams shattered, their faith in Mr. Rex Geoffrey Guy as last broken; and as I have remarked, their small savings gone.

The *Six Sisters* is still lying in harbour. It is rather more than twelve months since I warned readers against a somewhat similar proposition in which the same ill-fated vessel was involved.

Guy was then mixed up with two dubious gentlemen who induced a number of young men to part with moneys in connection with a romantic trading expedition to the South Seas, but which, like his latest proposal to sail for the West Indies, ended where the idea began.

There is nothing whatever to justify his pretensions, and his ventures and schemes to sail in search of fortune and adventure should most certainly be ignored.

Write to
JOHN BULL
About It!

Turkey Tricksters

"BEWARE the Christmas turkey ramp!" is a timely warning which should be heeded by housewives, who are usually the victims of certain tricksters who are active at this season.

The campaign of the turkey tricksters has already been launched in many parts of the country. The suburbs of the larger towns such as London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and Leeds are usually chosen as the sphere of operations.

The trick begins when a plausible young man, who is not too well dressed, calls on the housewife, to whom he tells a tale calculated to draw her sympathy.

Warming up to his work the caller explains that he has been unemployed, but has been enterprising enough to buy about sixty turkeys which he is rearing on a plot of land which he has rented on the outskirts of the town.

He hopes to be able to dispose of these birds among residents of the district, and so enable his wife and family to have a happy Christmas.

By this time the sympathetic housewife has become impressed by the glowing account of how the turkeys are being fed, until she can almost see the birds growing as the caller talks and talks.

Often she decides that this will end her annual worry about the Christmas dinner, and agrees to have a "locally reared" turkey which is to be delivered a day or two before the festive occasion.

Often she will agree to pay a deposit of 5s., and smaller sums week by week, as the young man calls to tell her that her particular bird is making steady progress and is nearing the required weight.

* * *

As the holiday approaches one of two things happens. Either the young man disappears and forgets to deliver the turkey—he also forgets to return the contributions paid to him.

Or he delivers a cheap, foreign turkey crammed full with heavy stuffing to make up the required weight. He has, of course, charged the price of the best English birds.

By the time the unfortunate housewife has had time to realise that she has been tricked, the young man with the small and non-existent turkey farm has disappeared!

Our information shows that these bright young turkey tricksters are again at work, and for this reason we warn housewives to be on their guard.

ROAD SLAUGHTER:

A JOHN BULL representative jumped on a London 'bus the other day. Sitting in the front seat on top was somebody he thought he recognised. He looked again. Yes, it *was* Mr. Hore-Belisha, Minister of Transport.

It was an opportunity too good to be lost. The JOHN BULL representative sat down beside Mr. Hore-Belisha and introduced himself. And while the 'bus took them from the East End to the centre of London the following conversation ensued:

"Well, I'm glad it's no worse," said Mr. Hore-Belisha, with a sigh of relief, when it was explained to him that it was not his autograph but his opinion that was sought. "You know," he said in reference to his presence on a 'bus-top, "I often take random trips like this. It gives me a fine insight into traffic problems." A great part of Mr. Hore-Belisha's time on such journeys is occupied, however, by the attentions of passengers who identify him and seek his autograph.

Suddenly his attention was fastened to an incident on the pavement below. Two policemen were rescuing a man from the angry attentions of a crowd who had seen him cuffing a small boy.

"The public spirit behind that little affair would solve my problem." Mr. Hore-Belisha observed as the 'bus moved on.

Cold figures

No need to ask the nature of that problem—one person being killed and 26 maimed every hour, day and night, all the year round, on the public highways . . . a casualty every three minutes . . . a grand annual total of 7,400 dead and 232,000 injured.

"I want to see more of the public spirit of protest against the foolhardiness of that minority of motorists, cyclists and pedestrians whose behaviour causes this terrible road-slaughter," he went on. "Then we should be getting somewhere. I want these people to be regarded by their fellow citizens as evildoers; just as that crowd regarded that brute who was knocking that child about.

"They would be if men and women were fully conscious of the enormity of the thing—the ghastliness of the cold figures. But, thank goodness, they are moving that way at last. Public opinion will save more lives than Belisha beacons in the future. You'll see."

It was pointed out that the magistrates and police had powers to enforce the law.

"That is another matter with aspects—vitally more important aspects—of its own," said the Minister. "I'm talking now of society's attitude towards the fellow who won't observe safety rules on the road. He is a wrong 'un, an outsider; and I want to see him treated as such by all decent people, just as he would be 'cut' for not playing the game at school.

"Give a good dose of that medicine to the cads and fools of the roads, drivers or walkers, and you'll make them realise bad behaviour doesn't pay. When that happens—and, make no mistake, it will happen—my job will become a sinecure and the casualty lists so small that they won't be worth publishing."

"The best news I have been getting is that the good motorists as a body are becoming really hostile to the reckless and unscrupulous users of the road.

"Anyone who knows the history of motoring must recognise that this is a tremendous step forward. In the early days of the motor-car there was a kind of brotherhood of the road, to which every motorist automatically belonged and which required him not only to stop and assist a fellow-driver in trouble but to give a warning to others regarding police traps and the like.

"Law-abiding motorists no longer have false sentiments about playing the rôle of sneak in helping the police by reporting flagrant cases of driving which they see. I want that brotherhood of the early motoring days revived in a spirit and form that will give the offending motorist a thoroughly bad time of it. The miracle of such a brotherhood would remove a scourge worse than the ten plagues of Egypt."

Mr. Hore-Belisha was reminded that earlier on he had deferred comment on the powers of the police and magistrates to stop the road slaughter.

"That is the Home Secretary's responsibility," he said. "It is not my job to enforce the traffic regulations. I'm there to collect the best experience and produce the best regulations that can be evolved from experience. I can't order roads to be built or see that the law is observed. One is a matter for the local highway authorities and the other for the police authorities and the magistrates. I can only tell the people what should be done, under existing conditions, and there I am finished.

"In some districts the magistrates are realising more and more that the mass of accidents are not inevitable and that those who cause them are not always guilty of mere technical offences.

"There is a natural tendency to regard infringements of the traffic laws as technical offences—in the same light as omitting to take out a gun licence or a licence to sell postage stamps.

An historic picture in the battle against traffic mortality. It shows Mr. Hore-Belisha inaugurating a new pedestrian crossing in a London street

Great lesson

"The nation must be given an opportunity of appreciating that the consequences to the community of breaches of the traffic laws are cumulatively more disastrous than those arising from any other type of offence or crime. Parliament has provided the magistracy with a great instrument with which to protect the public."

The 'bus had now entered the City of London, the busiest traffic centre in the world. While he had been speaking, Mr. Hore-Belisha had never stopped glancing out of the window, noting the happenings in the streets.

"What do you say about this kind of thing?" the JOHN BULL representative asked him, indicating the columns of vehicles around.

The Minister chuckled. "My dear fellow," he said, "you are looking at the greatest object-lesson of all in traffic control and safety.

"*Only eight people have been killed in the City traffic this year.* Since the new regulations were introduced, it has been the same everywhere all over the country. Wherever the traffic is thickest the casualty list is getting smaller and smaller."

"What is the lesson of that?"

"That where speed has to be reduced, either by regulations or by traffic conditions, the greater is the measure of safety for the public," was the answer.

"Don't you see," Mr. Hore-Belisha went on, "that the terrible tragedy of it all is that the more I introduce improvements in the roads, the more facilities I am giving for people to kill or to be killed.

"The building of better roads—and the Government has authorised the greatest enterprise of that kind since the time of the Romans—will not diminish but will increase the toll in lives and accidents unless at the same time we can build up a completely traffic-conscious

CAN I STOP IT?

A Conversation on a Bus-top with Mr. Hore-Belisha

(Minister of Transport)

They are always wanting his autograph—especially schoolboys

public which is also so conscious of the sins of its fellows that it will deal with them as public enemies deserve to be treated."

"People are saying that you have taken on an impossible task and that all you can do cannot keep abreast of the trouble." Mr. Hore-Belisha clapped his hands in sheer joy. "I know quite well what is being said and by whom and why," he replied. "What staggers me is the opposition I am confronted with when any fresh move at all is made towards better conditions or greater road safety.

"I refuse to quit or to be deterred by malice or menace from the task I've taken on.

"I am assailed on all sides. The very people who ask for more schemes are those who riddle them with criticism. I appeal to the individuals, agencies, and organisations who do most in creating public opinion, to cease the trifling crabbing of the details of the Government's projects, and to take a rest from merely exciting controversy about anti-skid roads, better lighting—in fact, about everything except the personal factor which is responsible for almost all the accidents.

"Everything is being done to the limit of capacity. No highway authority in the country has been refused permission to undertake any scheme justified on its merits, and there is no longer the slightest excuse for their not getting on with the job of removing dangerous corners, circumventing dangerous cross roads and so on."

"What would you like these architects of public opinion to concentrate upon?"

"One thing, and one thing only for the time being." The Minister extended his arms almost in supplication. "To bring home to every individual his or her personal responsibility.

"You know," he continued, "it is only by sheer luck that the road and street casualties are not doubled or trebled. Even as we have been sitting talking here, I have seen from this 'bus window on this short journey four or five people escape disaster by inches.

"I tremble sometimes when I think what the figures might be. The element of chance must be wiped out, but that can only be done by awakening the sense of personal responsibility.

"It's the fate of old people and of the children that hurts me most," he went on. "I have reason for gratitude in the fact that this year the casualty rate has fallen for the first time since the advent of the motor-car, and that we have got back to the figures of six years ago, although there are now 400,000 more motor vehicles on the roads than there were then.

Weakest go

"But what worries me is the large number of accidents to the very aged and the young. Only this morning I saw certain figures which showed that almost 74 per cent. of the pedestrians killed this year were either children under ten or adults over fifty-five, and one-half of those adults were aged seventy or more. That is shocking!

"I don't need to stress the moral. It is the weakest and the most helpless who are perishing because of the crime and folly of the irresponsible. There you have proof that it is not bad road conditions that are causing the carnage."

"What is your guiding principle in the various regulations and experiments you make?" Mr. Hore-Belisha was asked.

"Whatever I do," he replied, "I have always to face opposition from those who protest that the new regulations intended to promote the more orderly use of the roads are another form of persecution, interference with personal liberty, and what not. But the loudest cry of protest I am always hearing is that they are restricting the speed of travel in an age of speed.

"My first consideration always is —Will a proposed regulation save human life? I come down definitely every time on the side of safety. It is better to live not quite so fast than not to live at all—better to lose minutes than to lose lives. But all the laws in Christendom won't stop burglary. Neither will they stop breaches of the traffic code."

"What do you find is the best-observed regulation?"

"That pedestrians at controlled crossings should only cross the street when the policeman signals or the light signals show that they have a right of way. That and the silent zone regulation which is being observed everywhere in the spirit and the letter."

"Which regulation causes most confusion or is least observed?"

"The most common complaint I have is regarding either the hesitation of pedestrians or the recklessness of drivers at the ordinary uncontrolled crossings where the pedestrian automatically has always the right of way. Here, of course, as in the case of other regulations, we are trying to break down the habits of a lifetime."

"What could best be done to make these crossings real safety lanes?"

"The best contribution I could have from the public would be if they promptly reported every case of abuse of the crossings to the police and brought forward witnesses of every such incident they see. The amount of vigilance kept by the police on these crossings to enforce the proper use of them is not, of course, my responsibility."

"What is your attitude to scrapping regulations or devices?"

"I never hesitate to do so as soon as I learn that they are not achieving the purpose intended. For instance, the Ministry of Transport, in conjunction with the Westminster City Council, caused moving indicators to be erected at Trafalgar Square with the alternating instructions 'Cross Now' and 'Don't Cross.' Nothing would seem to be simpler. Yet we found that the public waited until the 'Don't Cross' signal appeared before they began to cross.

Successes

"Whenever the personal element comes in to make devices like these almost useless, I try to find something better. You see, we are not dealing with sticks and stones or machines, but with human beings. But most of the experiments have been an unqualified success. It is impossible, of course, to legislate against callousness, stupidity or carelessness. Anyhow, I can't think of any regulations which would stop a motorist allowing his attention to wander while driving or a pedestrian stepping into the roadway while sky-gazing. Nor can I produce a sugar-coated-pill sort of solution and then declare that the problem is cured."

"What lessons from recent experiments impress you most?"

Mr. Hore-Belisha's reply came quickly. "That London," he said, "which has more pedestrian crossings to population and acreage than any other place, has had a 28 per cent. reduction in the number of persons killed compared with 12 per cent. for the rest of the country. Also, that the reduction in pedestrian casualties has been 25 per cent. in towns and built-up areas where the speed limit applies, or twice as great a reduction as in county or other areas where it does not apply."

"Have the results of the driving tests been satisfactory to you?"

"The fact that 14 per cent. of the applicants for driving licences have been found unsuitable should speak for itself. In one year it has meant more than 16,000 being kept off the road.

It's a gift

"But if the tests had been applied to existing as well as new drivers, some hundreds of thousands of them would also be off the streets. Too many people holding driving licences believe wrongly that they are innately gifted with the capacity of controlling a complicated piece of mechanism. The gift for motor driving is like the gift for music—you either play well or you don't, you have or have not an instinctive touch for the keys. As the law has not required existing licence-holders to prove that they possess that gift, all I can do is to ask those who are aware that they are not proficient to become so voluntarily for the common safety."

Mr. Hore-Belisha took a packet of letters from his pocket. "I get a bundle like this every day," he explained. "They are from bereaved people. I read them over and over again when I get out of bed in the morning, and they are my daily inspiration to get on with this job, which I regard as a sacred duty."

Our representative got up to leave the 'bus: Mr. Hore-Belisha said, "I suppose more than one and a half million people buy JOHN BULL every week. If you print any of my remarks and should they disagree with what I have been saying, ask them, please, to bear at least one thing in mind: *It is always the other person who causes the accident—watch him.*"

"My Party's Nicer than the rest because my Mummy's Jelly's Best"
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I KNOW WHAT CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT...
AND HAVE YOU ROWNTREE'S JELLIES IN STOCK?
CERTAINLY, MADAM—12 FLAVOURS. IT'S THE REAL FRUIT JUICE IN ROWNTREE'S JELLIES THAT MAKES THEM SO POPULAR
JIMMY'S PARTY
THIS JELLY'S LOVELY—CAN I HAVE SOME MORE?
LEAVE SOME FOR ME—I'VE NEARLY FINISHED MINE
I THOUGHT ROWNTREE'S SEEMS TO HAVE MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE

HERE'S A RECIPE FOR YOUR PARTY

RAINBOW REVELRY:

Dissolve half of each of 3 Rowntree's Jellies of contrasting colours (separately) in hot water, making each up to half-pint of liquid. When almost set, whip up first jelly to form a light sponge, pour into a mould. While setting whip up the second jelly and pour on top. Then proceed similarly with the third jelly. Allow to set.

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JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES

HOST to a MADMAN

WHEN one is in Central Africa, several hundred miles beyond railhead, and has not even seen another European for many months, one is apt to feel very bored. It was so with me on one occasion when my work lay in the neighbourhood of a section of the Congo border.

You can easily guess my pleasure, therefore, one stifling evening when my head "boy" brought me the news that the drums had transmitted the information that a white man was travelling south and would soon be crossing my trail.

The drums had spoken truly, for within twenty-four hours a small but efficient safari, dust covered and tired after a long journey, jog-trotted its way into my camp.

The European leader stepped forward and shook hands cordially. I found myself greeting an athletic man, over six feet in height, deep of chest and lean of flank—a man whom one would notice with admiration anywhere.

He was a Belgian, but his accent was very slight as he introduced himself.

"My name is Van de Vries," the deep voice matched the body, "Commissioner of Lukonzolua (a district in the Congo). I'm trailing a murderer—a fellow-countryman called Van Dewel, who is believed to have got across the border.

"The necessary permit from your Government is following. For six weeks I've been on this chase, but every rumour——" he shrugged his shoulders expressively.

I said the usual things and made him welcome. He was, he admitted sincerely, glad to join me and give his safari a rest. Murderer or no murderer, he was tired of careering about aimlessly over a wild snake-infested, vermin-ridden countryside almost half as large as Europe. I was equally glad of his company.

He proved a charming guest and I did not pry into his business. But in the course of conversation I learnt that his murderer had killed no fewer than nine people before the news reached headquarters. But now the hunt was up and every frontier post was being watched.

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It certainly sounded most exciting after my months of monotony, and as is incumbent on every non-official in the wilds, I promised to report any information I could secure.

Courteously he insisted that such action should be directed towards our own officials, not to the Belgians. "The honour of the capture . . ." he expressed it.

While I agreed I thought the request rather strange, for I was near the Belgian border and the murderer was a Belgian who had committed his crime in territory far from the run of King George's writ.

Also the nearest British official was two hundred and fifty miles away. All things considered, it seemed an odd request, in view of the fact that his permit to hunt his man in our territory was following. And a murderer is a murderer anywhere.

Still, it was no business of mine, and we soon changed to other subjects. Time passed pleasantly enough. He helped me shoot meat for our general requirements and proved particularly sociable—an accomplishment praiseworthy beyond words. No one could demand more.

He leaned forward to steady his aim. As he did so a native club descended on his head

When exactly I began to think that the heat and a particularly long absence from home had left a metaphorical scar on an otherwise delightful personality I do not know, but a few days after his arrival I began to feel that under the charm of the man there was something else—a something not quite nice. There was something about him that began to make me feel uneasy.

I caught him often looking at me in a peculiar furtive way. This made me feel uncomfortable, for neither officially nor privately did I have anything on my conscience

I said nothing, however—indeed, what could one say? There is nothing to prevent a Belgian looking at an Englishman when they are the only two Europeans in the district.

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Then suddenly I realised that I was under grave suspicion. My guest, for some reason of his own, had apparently formed the opinion that I had some knowledge of the murderer and was keeping it dark, thereby allowing the man to get further away.

I discovered cunning questions were being continually put to me, and my realisation was soon confirmed. The situation now assumed very awkward proportions. Here was an officer of Commissioner's rank, armed with plenary powers, suspecting me of shielding a murderer.

It is true I was not in Belgian territory, but in the heart of Africa that was a small detail. While matters might eventually be straightened out—if I wasn't "taken for a ride" before then—the interval was going to be decidedly unpleasant.

Up till now, however, no overt action had been taken by my guest, but try as I would, I could not elude his vigilance. He was watching me as a cat watches a mouse and it is not easy to get away

(*Continued on page 28*)

3 PINTS OF RICH GRAVY FOR 3d.

There's a wonderful new gravy maker on the market now; not merely a thickener, but a complete gravy in itself. It's called Betox, and you just add boiling water to have a delicious, rich gravy, fully flavoured and very nourishing.

Betox is very cheap, too. A 3d. packet of Betox Powder actually makes 3 pints of rich gravy, without any stock or anything.

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There's another form of Betox, Betox Extract that is simply marvellous for giving a real "professional" flavour to soups, stews, hashes and pies, while it makes a stimulating, nourishing beverage and a delicious sandwich spread. It's just as nourishing and economical, for it costs only 6d. for a jar containing about 3 ozs.

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(Advt.)

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so they all had TEA

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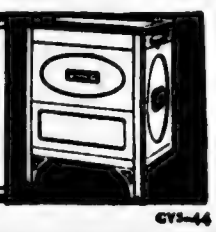

CVS—44

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HARRIS
CALNE WILTSHIRE
SAUSAGES
As good as their famous bacon
"Manufacturers of the celebrated Harris brands of reliable foodstuffs."

Host to a Madman—continued from page 26

Death Twice Cheated

from a man, not only always armed, but strong enough to break you as easily as a matchstick.

I puzzled over it for some time, and eventually after a series of headaches, decided to minimise my risk as much as possible. Accordingly I wrote a note explaining my ideas to our District Commissioner, asking him to come up. I sent it off by my best mail runner under cover of an order for camp stores.

But even if Strang—I'll call him that—could make it convenient to "inspect" my part of the world, it would be a month at least before he could arrive.

◪ ◪ ◪

For a month, therefore, I was faced with the necessity of allaying the suspicions of a fervid giant.

I felt a little—not much—happier once my letter had been dispatched, and tried to settle down. I must emphasise that it doesn't do to be suspected of complicity in murder in circumstances such as these.

Then two or three days later an event occurred which, if matters were delicate enough before, now made the situation a thousand times more uncomfortable.

We were out hunting. Van de Vries was about thirty yards away, crouching behind a thorn bush. The animals were somewhat late that morning—possibly a lion was on the prowl; and while waiting behind my own cover I glanced round to see what my guest was doing.

To my horror I discovered him drawing himself up to his full height, his rifle at his shoulder, aiming deliberately at me.

There was only a split second in which to act, and I was only just in time. The bullet whistled through the space where my head had been an instant before.

◪ ◪ ◪

There was no time either for reason or emotion. I acted on blind instinct. Before he had time to reload, I had him covered with his hands above his head. Then I demanded an explanation.

To my amazement, he was perfectly calm. What he was shooting at, he claimed, was what he took to be an animal. And he was sure that I was behind a bush a few yards further back. As a matter of fact, this could have been true, for I had only moved up a few minutes previously.

By this time the carriers attending us had gathered round and I lowered my rifle. My guest's calm dignity and smiling explanation made me feel somewhat foolish, and it seemed my thoughts were wrong whichever way I looked at it. So the quaint situation arose of the man apologising in effect for being so silly as almost to get killed.

The bullet whistled through the space where my head had been an instant before

Nevertheless, I kept on the alert. I don't like these mistakes, common though they are—and I remembered the way Van de Vries still kept furtively watching me. As a result, I saw to it that, no matter what the chance or the occasion, whenever he had a weapon in his hands I had one in mine, and, as host, I manœuvred it so that he always had the honour of the first shot at any game—from a stand in front of me.

Another fact was also troubling me. Since he obviously suspected me, what were his plans? Had he, too, sent a runner to his own H.Q. for further authority? I had no means of finding out, since our carriers belonged to different and traditionally antagonistic tribes, and any further tension might have led to more killing.

Three weeks had now passed and my nerves were getting really ragged. I felt as if I were seated on the proverbial barrel of gunpowder.

◪ ◪ ◪

A couple of days later it did explode. We were—my guest and I—sprawled out on our deck-chairs enjoying the beauty of the night when he turned to me with a very courteous "Monsieur!"

He had caught me in a single unguarded moment.

I shall never forget the next few minutes. An automatic gleamed in his hand as he aimed at me at point-blank range. I still remember how he did not raise his voice. He might have been expressing some dispassionate opinion about the weather.

He went on: "Caught you, *mon ami!* So you thought you would trap me into waiting the arrival of your D.C.?"

What on earth was the man talking about? In spite of my terror, I looked at him questioningly. Was he suffering from the *catard*—the cockroach in the brain—that dreaded form of murderous insanity that sometimes overtakes white men in the deserts and jungles? Or was I simply in the throes of some horrible nightmare?

His cultured voice continued evenly: "But no, *mon ami*, I am much too clever for you. You understand? Now I will kill you. That makes one more on my list." He chuckled softly. "You thought you would find my diamond field, did you? But tell me—before I shoot—when did you discover that *I was Van Dewel?*"

◪ ◪ ◪

In a flash everything became clear. His cunning, his behaviour, that look in his eyes. . . . Mad! Why had I not guessed before?

But that didn't help me. In the bright moonlight his eyes took on a new glitter—the glitter of a man insane with the lust to kill. He leaned forward over the side of his camp chair, possibly to steady his aim.

As he did so something stirred lightly in the shadow of the tent behind him. A native club descended on the back of his head. Without a word he crumpled up into an inert heap.

My head "boy" stepped forward and stood before me as calmly as if this sort of thing was an everyday occurrence.

"Cockroach," he said significantly, as he pointed to his forehead. "Bwana make him go England country?"

We examined Van Dewel. But it would have taken more than that to have killed him. One cannot hate a man like that. We made him as comfortable as possible and pinioned him so that he could do us no more harm.

◪ ◪ ◪

When eventually Strang arrived I heard that Van Dewel was indeed the murderer we had discussed so calmly. Our people had recently been asked by the Congo authorities to look out for him and, if necessary, to shoot him on sight.

Happily the blow on the head had been kind. It had completed the work of the cockroach, for from that minute his memory had gone and he had behaved like a gentle child. He didn't even know who he was.

How close I had been to a violent death during those weeks I shall never—luckily—know, for the workings of an insane brain are beyond our ken; but I do know that—foolishly, perhaps—I hated being present when the maniac was handed over. But for his madness he would have been a man among men.

TIME'S GETTING SHORT!

CHRISTMAS will be here in less than a fortnight. "What to give" presents a pressing problem. Thousands have settled it happily by accepting JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift.

Two Free Gift Vouchers, accepted as 2s. 9d. and 7s. 6d. cash, respectively, in part payment of JOHN BULL'S famous Writing Sets, will be found on page 4.

Time is getting short. Applications should be posted at once. Turn to page 4 now and cut out Voucher or Vouchers desired.

TO RELIEVE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

If you have catarrhal deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises, go to your chemist and get one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it half-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. This makes such a wonderful lung syrup that the first spoonful will bring relief.

This Parmint Syrup will end all the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. This prescription is approved by the highest medical authorities, is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises or catarrh in any form should give this a trial. There is nothing better. [Advt.]

'GOING WALKS?

I'll come – wait till I set the oven control'

'Gas cooks your meals while you're away'

SAYS **Mr. THERM**

Of course, the *real* point about gas for cooking is that it cooks better than any other fuel. Why else would all the expert cooks — the big restaurant chefs as well as the family cook — insist on it ?

But it's most fortunate that the *best* cooking fuel is much the most convenient. Turn your tap — there's your flame *instantly* — at exactly the heat you want it. And when it comes to oven cooking, what a boon to be able to set the control and go away knowing that when you come back the oven heat will have *taken care of itself* the whole time and your meal will be done *perfectly*.

All gas showrooms now have a display of the latest model *enamelled* gas cookers (in colour). Make a point of seeing them !

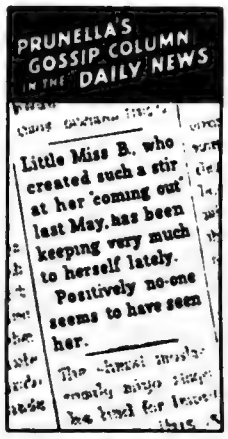
THE PROOF *of the up-to-dateness of gas is the steadily increasing number of gas appliances being bought. This year more self-lighting gas fires, noiseless gas refrigerators, garage heaters, clothes dryers, automatic water-heaters were bought than ever before.*

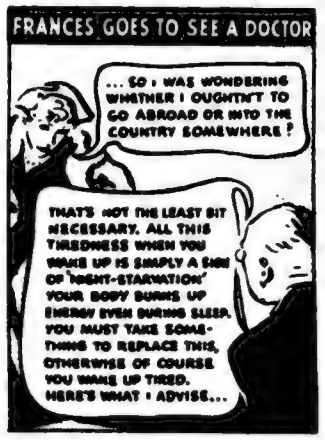
Issued by

The British Commercial Gas Association, 28 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

WHAT, GOING HOME ALREADY, FRANCES? WE SAID WE'D GO ON TO LADY QUARTERMAINE'S AFTER THIS
SORRY, DEAR. I JUST CAN'T. EVEN AS IT IS, I KNOW I'LL BE TERRIBLY TIRED TOMORROW MORNING

HEAVENS, SMITH, MORE INVITATIONS! A BEASTLY SHAME – TO HAVE TO REFUSE THEM. I CAN'T STAND THE PACE. I ALWAYS WAKE UP SO FAGGED, EVEN WHEN I GO TO BED EARLY


PRUNELLA'S GOSSIP COLUMN IN THE DAILY NEWS
Little Miss B. who created such a stir at her 'coming out' last May, has been keeping very much to herself lately.
Positively no-one seems to have seem her.


FRANCES GOES TO SEE A DOCTOR
... SO I WAS WONDERING WHETHER I OUGHTN'T TO GO ABROAD OR INTO THE COUNTRY SOMEWHERE ?
THAT'S NOT THE LEAST BIT NECESSARY. ALL THIS TIREDNESS WHEN YOU WAKE UP IS SIMPLY A SIGN OF 'NIGHT-STARVATION' YOUR BODY BURNS UP ENERGY EVEN DURING SLEEP. YOU MUST TAKE SOMETHING TO REPLACE THIS, OTHERWISE OF COURSE YOU WAKE UP TIRED. HERE'S WHAT I ADVISE...

SOME WEEKS LATER
HELLO, FRANCES, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO MEET YOU OUT SO EARLY. WEREN'T YOU AT THE MELTON HOUSE BALL LAST NIGHT? IT BEATS ME HOW YOU CAN DO IT
OH, I NEVER FEEL TIRED IN THE MORNINGS NOW, HOWEVER LATE I STAY UP

Do YOU find festivities a strain?

Have you begun to feel that the " good time " is not worth the terrible aftermath of tiredness ? Do you find yourself *starting* the day fagged ? Probably you, too, are suffering from " Night-Starvation." Perhaps you've forgotten that your body goes on using up energy even while you sleep — breathing alone takes 20,000 muscular efforts. Then unless this energy is replaced as it is burned up you wake feeling tired out.

Horlick's taken regularly last thing at night guards against " Night-Starvation." It replaces the used-up energy while you sleep, builds new reserves of vitality. You wake full of life and ready for anything. Horlick's has a delicious flavour, and it is economical — the milk is in it, just add water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

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Backache
banished by Kruschen Salts

'It is the usual thing for people to complain, and that very quickly, over any article which they have bought and are not satisfied with. I am no exception to the rule, so that a little unasked for praise may balance things up a bit. I have suffered for a long time from terrible backache, and no lotion or pills could relieve it. I was advised by the doctor to take "Kruschen Salts." I followed his advice not hoping for much result. (Salts for backache sounded strange to me.) However, the pains vanished, and what is more, my daily dose of Kruschen is keeping them away, so that having through them found bodily relief, this letter may in some measure relieve my conscience after so much grousing, finding an invaluable aid to perfect health.'
(Mrs.) F. E. R., Bristol.

Backache means that your kidneys are shirking their job as scavengers, leaving waste products to collect and generate dangerous body poisons. The six salts in Kruschen coax your kidneys back to healthy, normal action, so that not a particle of clogging waste matter remains unexpelled. You experience joyous relief from those old dragging pains.

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No, I don't need matches with my

Drydex
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Complete with Battery **5/-**
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From Exide Service Stations and all good dealers.

MORAL *murder . .*

The law is severe on blackmailers, for it is one of the foulest crimes that can be committed—the safer way to treat them is to go to the police

IT is said that truth is stranger than fiction. And often far more interesting. Things are happening in everyday life that would be regarded as far-fetched if seen in the pages of a novel. Take a problem like this one:

In 1917 while serving in France I was compelled to give evidence against a young lad for desertion. He was found guilty and shot.

In 1919 I returned home, where I met and married my wife, who had not long moved into the district. She had often spoken of her brother who was killed in France and whom she had mothered, both their parents being dead.

A man who was in the same company as myself has recently come to live in the neighbourhood and he can prove beyond doubt that the lad against whom I gave evidence was my wife's brother.

He threatens that if I don't assist him he will tell my wife, which will mean wrecking the home and all that we have toiled for and enjoyed during the past fifteen years. And yet if I give in to him his demands will be more than I can meet. Through slack times we are on short-time and every shilling is needed in my own home.

I am worried to despair between knowing that I was inadvertently responsible for my brother-in-law's death and how I am going to prevent my wife from hearing about it. I do hope you will be able to assist me

The law of the land is very severe on blackmailers. And well it should be, for it is one of the foulest crimes that can be committed. And this letter reveals a particularly loathsome type of it.

My correspondent has done nothing wrong. He is simply the cruel victim of circumstances. When he was called upon to give evidence against that poor lad in France he had to speak the truth. If he had not done so he might have found himself in serious difficulties. There was, therefore, no other course open to him. And now, after all these years, the tragic story has been resurrected.

IT would be a terrible pity if his wife should ever be told what actually happened. But even that would be better than giving in to the demands of this man. The more he is paid for his silence the more insistent he will become until my correspondent would lay up for himself endless trouble and misery.

I advise him to take a firm stand and when he is approached again to say, "Not one cent will I give you. And if you repeat your threats and make any attempt to carry them out, I shall at once inform the police."

That should be sufficient to bring the blackmailer to heel. Should he, however, be foolish enough to persist in annoying my correspondent then the police *must* be informed. That is the only way to deal with such a pest.

And on one thing my correspondent can rely. In cases of this kind judges and magistrates seldom allow a victim's name to be made known. And so the blackmailer gets his deserts before he can carry out his threats.

And here is another letter which shows the "moral murderer" at his damnable work:

About a year ago (writes this man) I was feeling pretty desperate, for I had been out of work for eighteen months. My age was thirty and I was married with a wife and a three-year-old boy, and we were expecting another baby. I had over £15 in pawn and our rent was over £6 in arrears. I had been a storekeeper, but I saw a job advertised for a skilled mechanic in the heavy engineering industry. I decided to apply, and to my surprise and delight I got it.

My employer asked for a reference and I gave him the name and address of a friend who was working for himself in a small but similar trade. I went to this friend and told him what I had done and asked if he had any objections. He said, "None at all, old chap. You certainly have grit and I wish you all the luck in the world." Then he suggested that I should watch him at his work for a little while, and I was able to pick up quite a lot. I am still in the same employment, doing well and receiving 1s. 8d. an hour.

Now I come to the point. My so-called friend has turned like a snake in the grass. His own business failed and four months ago he sold up at a loss. Since then he has been pestering me to give him money. And on several occasions I have done so because I am afraid he will disclose the true position to my firm.

I have done my duty to my employers; otherwise I should not still be with them. And I have helped my friend because he was decent to me. But now he is starting to threaten me, I feel I can't go on. And, besides, I have to consider my wife, children and home. I am happy in my job and I want to be happy out of it. Will you please give me your valuable advice?

There are some people who take to a job like a duck to water. This man must be one of them. He is evidently a born mechanic and must, as he says, have given good service to have kept his position. I can imagine how grateful he feels to be in regular work after a long spell of unemployment and with his family responsibilities.

BUT now into his life has come this shadow. I don't think it need worry him unduly. If this one-time friend gave a reference to those employers he cannot go back on his word now. If he did, he would only put himself in the wrong.

The course I would suggest, therefore, is similar to that mentioned in my first letter. My correspondent should tell this man that he has assisted him in the past in return for his kindnesses, but that he can continue to do so no longer because of his duty to his wife and family. If that should lead to any threats he must warn him that they must cease at once or the police will be informed. If he takes this line I don't think he will have any further trouble.

The late Lord Birkenhead once said, "If you look for gratitude in this world you are doomed to disappointment." Those who are wise neither look for it nor expect it. Kindness is its own reward. But after doing a good turn, nobody wants to be treated like this woman. Her letter reads:

I am in great trouble and don't know what to do for the best. I have been happily married for five years and we have a dear little girl of three whom we both idolise. Last month we had a letter from my step-brother saying that he was coming home from Canada and asking if he could come to stay with us for a week or two. I was not keen to have him, as he had gone abroad in disgrace but my husband said he might have changed, and so I gave way.

He had only been with us a few days when he asked if my husband knew that I was illegitimate. I said "No," and then with a sneer he said, "What is it worth for me not to tell him?" I pleaded with him, but all he said was "Give me £2 and I'll keep my mouth shut."

I insisted that if I did this he should leave my house and never come near me again, and he agreed. We have been saving up to buy a wireless at Christmas and I took the money out of this and gave it to him. I made an excuse to my husband about his leaving so suddenly and I felt so relieved and happy.

But yesterday he came back again and asked for another £2. I refused, but he said he will come again on Saturday, and if I have not the money ready he will tell my husband. What am I to do? I am in such a dreadful state that I can neither eat nor sleep.

"WHAT am I to do?" asks this correspondent. She should tell her husband the whole story and let him deal with that blackmailing step-brother. He is obviously an utter cad. Instead of showing gratitude for the hospitality he has received, he is making my correspondent's life a misery. Conduct of this kind is simply asking for trouble. If this man carries out his threat I hope he will get it.

After all, this woman is not responsible for her birth. She should not be punished for something she has not done. And I am sure her husband, to whom she has been happily married for five years, will see it in that light.

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by PHILIP INMAN

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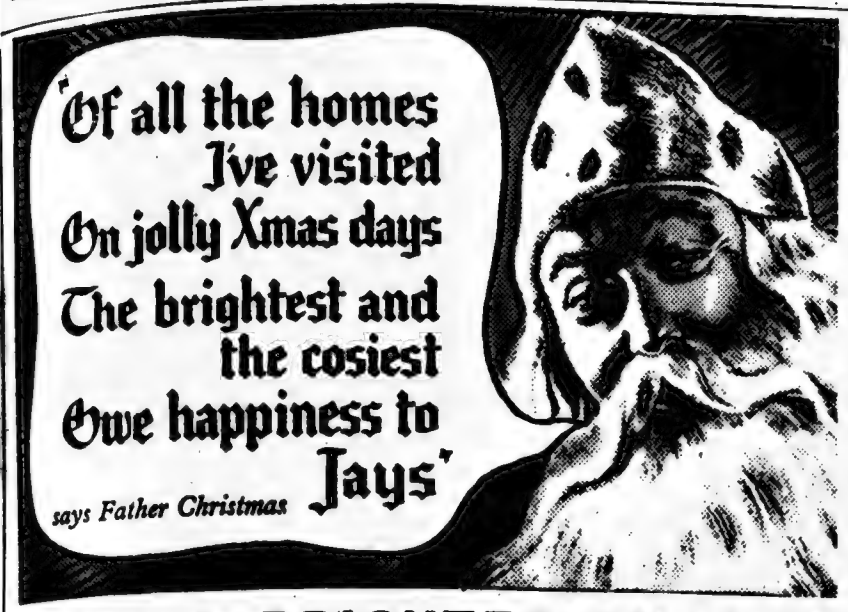

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It's Easy to Pay the Jay Way

THE TIREDNESS THAT DESTROYS ROMANCE

NEURO-PENIA
(underfed nerves)

LONG HOURS OF WORK CRUSHED MY VITALITY
Seven years in the same job, morning till night in bad light and bad air. Became tired and run-down. Going home in the bus after work, felt dazed and stupid. When I got home, felt like doing nothing but going to bed.

TOO TIRED TO BE ATTRACTIVE
Hardly ever got taken out by a friend. When I did go out, felt dull and awkward. Too tired-out to be vivacious like other girls. Looked unattractive, too. Worn-out and haggard and old. Most evenings just sat in my room feeling lonely and neglected.

HATED BEING ALONE
Hated being left alone — got so nervous and jumpy, I could have screamed. Depression and tiredness got so bad, had to ask a hospital nurse I know for advice. She told me that my condition was caused by run-down nerves.

LIFE HAS A NEW RHYTHM NOW. "Hall's Wine is specially prepared by a famous doctor to stop that tiredness caused by run-down nerves," she said. Started taking it three times a day. Ever so much stronger and brighter within a week. Life has a new rhythm now. Never tired or dull after work. Plenty of friends. Depressed, awkward feeling quite gone. Never going to let myself get into that terrible, worn-out state again.

NEUROPENIA EXPLAINED. If you feel like this woman did — tired, depressed and jumpy, through illness or overwork — that's because the tiny granules of Nissl that feed your nerves are all pale and shrivelled. This is known as Neuropenia (underfed nerves). Hall's Wine is specially prepared for this condition, from the formula of a well-known doctor. The first wineglassful pours new strength into you. Within a few days, your vitality is completely lifted up.

★ ALL symptoms related above are typical of "Neuropenia" as shown by the records of a leading medical psychologist, based on hundreds of cases at a London hospital.

ARE YOU CONVALESCING QUICKLY? After Influenza or any serious illness you feel dreadfully tired. Hundreds of nurses and doctors take Hall's Wine to get back their strength quickly. For quick Convalescence take Hall's Wine 2 or 3 times a day. Start today!

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU if Tired, Weak or Run-Down

From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5 6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E. 3.
(Also proprietors of the famous Keystone Wines.)

"Well, if you want a tip straight from the horse's mouth

give me a Gillette"

There's nothing like finding out what a man really wants for a Christmas gift. And a Gillette is a gift near to the heart of anyone. An ever-welcome, ever-useful present, giving unlimited perfect shaves with the new Blue Gillette electrically-tempered blades.

There are Gillette Shaving Outfits at prices to suit all purses. 2/6 to 35/-

★ For the man who already has a Gillette Razor there is the Blue Gillette Christmas Box. Forty electrically-tempered Blue Gillette Blades in a special Christmas packing—10/-.

Gillette

Of all Dealers. Made in England.

STOP THAT COLD

—take

Genasprin

The *Safe* Brand of Aspirin

Genasprin is invaluable for checking a Cold. Two Genasprin tablets taken at once and two more on retiring, will speedily reduce temperature and relieve aching limbs. The antiseptic properties of Genasprin combat the disease germs of Colds and Influenza. Genasprin has no harmful effect on digestion or heart.

From all Chemists.

Kingsford-Smith waves good-bye before setting off with Mr. Pethyridge on the flight which ended in their disappearance, lost, like countless others, without trace

Vanished into the Blue

A STREAK of flaming exhaust gases that melted away in the purple dusk off the coast of Burma . . . that was the last the world saw of Air-Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith—"Smithy" to the whole admiring world—and his brave flying companion Mr. J. Pethyridge!

A few faint signals received fitfully and spasmodically on the wireless receiver of the New Zealand cruiser *Dundee* . . . that was the last heard of the American aviator, Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, and his London-born companion Mr. Hollick Kenyon, after they set out to fly 2,000 miles across the Antarctic wastes!

For "Smithy" and his friend all hope has been abandoned. For the others, there is the slender chance afforded by a rescue party sent out by the base ship of the expedition. It must be very slight.

Within a few weeks we shall know whether they are still of the company of the living, or whether, like many brave airmen before them, they have just vanished into the blue for ever.

"Vanished into the blue." Already the air has its mysteries no less baffling than those of the sea, although the story of man's fight with the waves is as old as the written word.

What, for instance, could be more mysterious than the disappearance of Captain W. N. Lancaster when he was trying to beat Amy Mollison's England-to-the-Cape record in 1933? Every stitch and stick of his big machine was swallowed up, not by the devouring sea, but by dry land.

He had left behind him the hazards of the Mediterranean and waved a cheerful hand at the lone watchers at a Saharan outpost. Then days passed into weeks and weeks into months without any trace being found of the aerial adventurer.

There was no water, no scrub, no jungle in which he could be lost—nothing, in fact, but hard desert as bald as a billiards table. But although, in the years that have elapsed, almost every square yard must have come under the eye of man, not a trace has been found of the man or his machine.

Cannibals?

Much the same is the story of Adjutant Gaté, of the French Air Force, and his mechanic Sergt. Brée, although the desert in this case was near Portuguese Guinea.

They disappeared in June, 1933, as completely as if they had been swallowed up. Gaté's widow, refusing to believe that anyone could vanish so completely, has since spent her days in litigation, seeking to prove that her husband lit on a German submarine base and that a foreign intelligence service holds him prisoner as a man who knows too much.

But the French Government has other ideas. It believes that both men were eaten by cannibals.

The story of strange disappearances of the air begins with Cecil Grace in 1910. He flew to France to take part in one of the earliest cross-country races, had engine trouble there, and decided to return. Neither he nor a vestige of his machine was ever seen again.

Then, just before the war—a fact which accounted for the many cruel rumours prevalent that he had flown to Germany to help the enemy—was the disappearance of Gustav Hamel, one of the finest of our flying pioneers.

He went over to France to collect a machine, took off, was seen near the French coast going strong for Dover, and, despite the fact that crowds were watching on the English seaboard twenty miles away to welcome him, disappeared from human ken for ever.

In both cases no trace of the men nor their machines was ever found.

The war hides several stories of airmen who disappeared The facts were never released by the censor. Then, when hostilities ended, and mankind resumed its efforts to conquer the upper element, more and stranger mysteries of the air followed.

Deep indeed is that of the American pilot, Paul Redfern, who set out from Washington eight years ago to beat the long-distance record by flying to Rio de Janeiro.

Since then strange stories have percolated from the heart of Dutch Guiana from time to time of a strange bird which—about the time Redfern disappeared—fell out of the sky, and from the belly of which a white man crawled with both legs broken.

He is supposed to be under the care of a witch-doctor, who has him carried round by servants. The natives are supposed to use every trick to keep his whereabouts unknown.

White explorers have brought back scanty crumbs of information suggesting that there might be such a white man in the heart of this almost impenetrable country, although whether it is Redfern or not no one can say.

At least, such stories show what infinite possibilities may lie behind the words "vanished into the blue."

The earliest years of cross-Atlantic flying saw the complete disappearance of many brave men—and women.

In 1927 Nungessor and Coli set out to fly to America. Only three months ago some shreds of moss-covered fabric were discovered high up in the trees of virgin forest in the bleak northern wastes of New Brunswick (Canada).

If they really belonged to the ill-fated machine—and investigation is proceeding—it is not only the first trace of the flight, but positive proof that poor Nungessor and Coli succeeded in their aim before disaster overtook them.

Only four months after that mystery, in September, 1927, Captain Leslie Hamilton, with Colonel Minchin, an Imperial Airways pilot, and Princess Lowenstein Wertheim as passenger, rose through the dawn to fly to Canada.

Last sign

Ten weeks later leave was given in the British courts to presume the death of one of the pilots, although no trace of the machine has ever been discovered.

Then, in 1928, history repeated itself. Without stating where they were going, Captain W. G. R. Hinchcliffe and Miss Elsie Mackay, daughter of a shipping millionaire, rose in a gold and black machine from Cranford aerodrome, throwing up snow with their wheels as they took off.

The news leaked out that it was an Atlantic attempt. Eagerly the sky was searched in America and Canada. But the shadow of that machine over Cranford was the last sign eyes ever saw of that mysterious adventure.

There have been other such stories of men who have tried to cross the boundless ocean and never been seen again. Once the world heard the last signal of Charles Ulm, the American pilot lost without trace with his two companions in the Pacific.

"Just hitting water" ran the dramatic words. That is the last history can record of their attempted California to Australia flight.

Yet even short-distance fliers have provided such mysteries.

Who, for instance, can solve the disappearance of an American army test pilot, who took up a 300-miles-an-hour hush-hush machine last August with instructions not to fly out of sight of Los Angeles airport.

Ordered dinner . . .

He certainly never crashed on dry land. And it is just as certain that he didn't hit water within two hundred miles of that airport. Before taking off he had actually told his wife what dishes he wanted for dinner.

Yet neither he nor his machine was ever seen again.

There, then, are some of the biggest mysteries of the air. . . . There is another side.

Three years ago the body of a man in British airman's dress was found in the sea off Keep-op-Tassel, Holland. That it was British uniform the authorities judged from the buttons.

Yet no British Air Force pilot was missing, and so the unknown flier lies buried in a nameless grave.

Who was he? And, if we could know, what mystery would it solve of a machine that "vanished into the blue"?

THEY NEVER CALL HER "SKINNY LIZZIE" NOW

It was her young brother who first called her Skinny Lizzie, but it wasn't long before she heard it from other young fellows as well. In a way they were justified, but a girl's pride won't stand that kind of abuse for long, so she made up her mind to do something she had often thought of doing.

When the doctor and her mother had said "What you want is Halibut Liver Oil" the very thought of it was revolting. But she had read that the sugar-coated tablets called Clotabs are made from Halibut Liver Oil with all the same vitamins, so why not take Clotabs instead?

She did. Within a fortnight she was filling out. The scales said she had put on 2 lbs. 11 ozs., but the great thing was she *felt* different, and she *looked* different altogether. The vitamins were working—building up for her a figure that gave her new pride in herself, a new joy in life, and new and wonderful attraction for others. Clotabs broke her spell of bad luck; they are her mascot. Do you need filling out? Would you like to have magnetic attraction? Take a course of Clotabs and watch yourself become more lovely every day. 1/- and 3/- from all chemists. Remember, if they don't put on 3 lbs. in a month—money back. [Advt.]

I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE SURE OF HAVING JUST ONE GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.
I USED TO BE LIKE THAT TILL I TOOK BOURN-VITA. NOW I SLEEP SOUNDLY EVERY NIGHT!
Soon after that we received this letter:

Sir,

I feel I must let you know how much your Bourn-vita has done for me. I have been years and never got a good night's sleep. I used to dread the night time coming, so I sent for a sample of your Bourn-vita, and can honestly say the first night I took it I slept better than I had done for quite a long time. I also wake up better in the morning. I shall always use it now and will recommend it to all my friends.

Yours truly, (signed) Mrs. B.

last night's BOURN-VITA *is helping her now!*

YOU TOO will find that Bourn-vita aids digestion, induces sound sleep, and enables you to wake up full of energy. Because it does this, and is also a very nourishing food, it is wonderful value for money. *A ½lb. tin costs only 9d.*

Bourn-vita is a CADBURY product

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 45.

Hayward's **MILITARY PICKLE**

Incredibly Good

APPETISING, STIMULATING, DIGESTIVE

Of all Grocers.

The Stuff that good Christmases are made of!
Mackintosh's
Carnival
Assortment de Luxe
SOLD IN EVERY SWEETSHOP 6d per ½lb. Also in FANCY TINS &c

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS, LTD., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX, ENGLAND.

There's nothing to beat a little cigar!

GIVE HIM A BOX FOR CHRISTMAS

WHETHER he smokes a pipe or cigarettes he will appreciate the extra luxury of a box of MARCELLA Whiffs. These little cigars are rolled from choice selected leaf and they give a great deal of pleasure for a small outlay.

MARCELLA WHIFFS

15 *for* 2/6
25 *for* 4/2

MW 16

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes . .
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear . . .
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them daily with
CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH
and notice the difference!
CB. T. 22

GREY HAIR MAKES YOU LOOK OLDER

than your years—a barrier to social and business success. Banish your grey hair in the natural manner—with Morgan's Pomade. Famous for over 40 years.

Not a tint or dye. Simply massage Morgan's Pomade into the roots of the hair. Results gradual and perfectly natural. Morgan's Pomade also strengthens and beautifies the hair and prevents dry scalp and dandruff.

Price 1/9 and 3/3. Post 3d. and 4d. (Overseas and Colonial 8d. and 1/-.) Obtainable from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists, hairdressers and Stores, or direct from sole proprietors.

MARIE ANTOINETTE EGG JULEP SHAMPOO
Cleanses, strengthens and beautifies the hair and removes Dandruff: 3d. per packet, or 1/6 per box of 7 packets.

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE Co., Ltd.
149, Junction Road, London, N.19

SPINSTERS on the WARPATH

"EVERYONE must be made 'Spinster Conscious.'"

That is the motive message of a remarkable new social-political movement which is spreading like a fire through the industrial towns of the North.

Spinsters are being rallied in an organised revolt against what is declared to be an injustice affecting them alone among British women.

Quietly, behind the scenes the movement has developed until now it has reached considerable proportions, and is extending every day.

In the near future a great deal is likely to be heard about the campaign of the spinsters, and therefore JOHN BULL discloses here the interesting and hitherto untold story of the National Spinsters' Pensions Association.

One woman is responsible for the impetus which is speeding forward this Association of Spinsters.

Her name is Florence White, and in ordinary occupation she is mistress of a small bakery and confectionery store at Lidget Green, on the outskirts of Bradford.

"Fearful fifties"

In the parlour above her shop after business hours Miss White puzzled out a problem of her sex: Why should spinsters be treated unfairly in the matter of State pensions?

A spinster, although she might contribute to the National Insurance scheme, was not granted any pension until she reached the age of sixty-five. Why?

Widows received State pensions on a different basis, although no contribution need have been paid on their behalf. The lonely spinster had to wait on and on through the "fearful fifties" before assistance came to her in declining years.

"All this must be changed," declared Miss White. "Spinsters deserve as much consideration as widows. I will become a pioneer in their cause."

So she gathered a few of her spinster friends around her and enthused an ardour for reform into them. The scouts of the spinster battalions were enrolled. The upper parlour of a Bradford shop became the spinsters' G.H.Q.

Then, with some timidity, for she was unused to platform speaking, Miss White decided to hold a public meeting. It was done.

Miss Florence White—her enthusiasm and spirit of fair play has set in motion an organisation that aims to wipe out what she considers a great injustice

Voluntary work

Five hundred women, most of them of the working class, gathered in a local hall, and listened to Miss White. At the end of that evening the National Spinsters' Pension Association was formed.

Women flocked to Miss White, asking to be made members and promising her support. Rules were drafted, approved and printed; officials and committee nominated; a banker appointed. The subscription was fixed as a nominal shilling a year per member.

All the initial work was and is voluntary. There were to be no paid officials at the outset. Money subscribed was to be used in propaganda; the holding of meetings and the circulation of appropriate literature.

Once the Association was launched, Miss White as the hon. organiser toured the northern counties preaching the cause of spinsterhood.

Men helpers

Her success was overwhelming. The membership went up in bounds. Within four months the Association had nearly 8,000 on its register. The average addition to membership is now several hundreds each week.

Active branches are already in operation in sixteen different cities and towns, including Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leeds, Bradford, Stockport, Birmingham and Leicester.

Soon the call is to be carried to the spinsters of London and the South.

Of the subscriptions, four-fifths is transmitted to headquarters for national organisation, while the remaining fifth is kept by each branch for local expenses.

Married women and men are supporting Miss White in addition to the spinsters. One who takes the platform for the Association is Mrs. Basil Hughes, now of Bradford, formerly Miss Norah Blaney, the popular stage and music-hall favourite. Another helper is the President of the Bradford Cricket League, who acts on the advisory committee. Wealthy people as well as factory workers are sending contributions to the fighting fund.

"Our Aims in Brief" is the heading of a leaflet issued in thousands by the spinsters. These objects are simply:

"*To obtain pensions for spinsters, who contribute to the National Health Insurance, at 55 years of age.*

"*To obtain a contributory pension scheme for spinsters who do not, at present, come under the National Health Insurance scheme.*"

There is another effective poster which addressed these questions to the candidates of all Parties at the General Election:

"Will you support earlier pensions for spinsters?

"Is a spinster not entitled to such by right of her present payment to National Health Insurance?

"Don't you think that the amount of money (under five millions) required to pay pensions to spinsters at 55 is small as State funds are calculated?

Energy

"Do you agree with the necessity for a contributory scheme for spinsters who are not now under National Health Insurance?

"If your answers to these questions are in the affirmative, then you are 'Spinster Conscious,' and you can rely on the support of the spinsters."

The development and activity of the National Spinsters' Pension Association is of general public interest, whatever individual views may be towards the spinsters' plea.

For this movement shows what can be done in a short space of time in the way of organisation by one intelligent woman inspired by a cause.

Without Miss Florence White, confectionery shopkeeper, of Bradford, the "Spinster Conscious" cry would never have been made. She was inexperienced in public work. Her qualifications were those of a small trader.

Yet by reason of her enthusiasm and her untiring energy she has initiated a movement of single women which will undoubtedly encompass the whole country.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the spinsters' crusade, the achievement of the Bradford woman is remarkable.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE NEW OUTLOOK:—"... to make that Association a complete and adequate reflection of the RAKE and file opinion."

THE FOLKESTONE EXPRESS:—"—— was summoned for NOT failing to report an accident ..."

THE BROMLEY LOCAL GUIDE:—"She described the Abyssinians as experts at GORILLA warfare."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"—— scored a third goal in brilliant fashion, FAINTING cleverly before beating ——."

STAFFORDSHIRE EVENING SENTINEL:—"Another resembles bunches of daffodils on a cloth of soft green TINS."

SOUTH LONDON PRESS:—"Even a man of PIG intellect can respond to a great personality."

THE DAILY INDEPENDENT (SHEFFIELD):—"He was a tram DIVER employed by the Corporation."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Proceeding we mounted a very steep path which it takes artillery tractors hours to negotiate with the greatest of EASE."

MIDLAND DAILY TRIBUNE:—"He loaded the lorry and left, and afterwards discovered that he had not taken the SQUARE wheel with him."

CRIPPLED BY
CHILBLAINS
Banished by T.C.P. in 3 days

Good news soon gets about. Thousands of sufferers have already proved that T.C.P. Solution (the new Antiseptic Discovery) is the quickest and surest remedy for Chilblains yet discovered. Read this typical letter:—

"*I have found your T.C.P. excellent for Chilblains. I had Chilblains to the extent that I could not bear my feet on the ground but I am pleased to say that T.C.P. cured them in 3 days, and relieved them the first night.*" *Miss V. C., Kilburn.*

T.C.P. ends Chilblains because it *penetrates right into the Chilblain* and liquefies and disperses the congested blood that causes the pain and swelling. Heals broken Chilblains too and ends pain and itching within 10 minutes. So get relief this very night. Easy directions with every bottle of T.C.P. Solution, 1/3d. and 2/-. from all Chemists.

WHAT IS A POOR GIRL TO DO?

"No use gambling on his taste in other directions, my dear—put your trust in FOUR SQUARE. Every man appreciates *really good* tobacco and cigarettes!"

FOUR SQUARE

Quality Tobaccos & Cigarettes

Empire Mixture *(Green Squares)* 10½d. Ripe Brown *(Brown Squares)* ... 11d.
Curlies *(Purple Squares)* ... ... 10½d. Original Mixture *(Blue Squares)* 1/2½
Cut Cake *(Yellow Squares)* ... 11d. Matured Virginia *(Red Squares)* 1/3d.

Sold in the new easy-to-open 1-oz. and 2-oz. vacuum tins. All blends are Medium Strength.

MY CIGARETTES, TOO, bring the famous Four Square quality and flavour to cigarette smokers! Finest Matured Virginia, outsize. *Flat pocket tins . . . 25 for 1/6*

HOBBIES

BRITISH FRETWORK OUTFITS FROM 1/6 TO 20/- COMPLETE

The best present for any boy. A complete set of tools to keep him happy making practical things in wood. Ask for them at any Hobbies Branch, Stores, Xmas Bazaar or leading Ironmonger. Or send for free descriptive booklet to Hobbies Ltd., Dept. 45, Dereham, Norfolk.

£10 MUST BE WON AND SIX ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES!

Write a fourth line for this rhyme in the space above. **1st Prize £10. Two 2nd Prizes of £1. Four 3rd Prizes of 10/-.**

Here's an amusing way of winning EASY MONEY. The rhyme above needs a last line. Write a snappy one in the space indicated and send it to ZUBES RHYMES, Messrs. F. W. Hampshire & Co., Ltd., Derby (Comp.), together with your name and address and the wax paper disc from a tin of Zubes or one of the bags in which Zubes are sold loose. The closing date is December 21st; all prizes are awarded on merit, the judges' decision is final, and no correspondence can be entertained. Whether you win the big prize this time or not, you will at any rate win freedom from huskiness or tickling throat with Zubes . . . ***they're champion!***

GO-SUCK A ZUBE

ZUBES

In flat tins 3d. & 6d.
Loose 2½d. per ounce

All results have appeared in the Press. A complete list will be published in Daily Herald, Jan. 1. Names of winners to date can be obtained from address above. Send ½d. stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Winner of Competition No. 4.
MR. J. J. LEONARD, 1, Stockwell House, Mount Pleasant, Swansea.

Winner of Election Prize.
MR. A. SEARLE, 5, Victoria Avenue, Saffron Walden, Essex.

A Good Idea for Christmas!

Save Time, Save Money, Order your Xmas Bargains by Post. Read the interesting offers on pages 4 and 5.

GIVE DIAMOND WARE
for LASTING PLEASURE

Not only at Xmas-time, but every day, year after year, Diamond ware carries a pleasant reminder of the giver. Useful, well-designed Diamond utensils are made in pure aluminium, strong, safe and highly finished. The EXTRA quality means lifetime service, yet Diamond costs no more than the average, and is fully guaranteed. Look for the trade mark when buying.

TO HELP YOU WIN A SLOGAN PRIZE.

(1) Look out for DIAMOND WINDOW Displays.
(2) Ask your dealer for slogan entry form.
(3) Also ask (or send p.c. to manufacturers) for FREE BOOKLET "MODERN COOKING."

For SERVICE, SAFETY *and* KITCHEN ECONOMY

THE LONDON ALUMINIUM CO., LTD., A.D. Dept., WITTON, BIRMINGHAM, 6.

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The 4-VALVE SUPER-HET

A seven-stage super-het of proved reliability. Modern cabinet of dark or figured walnut. Pre-selector and automatic volume control give brilliant reception from all stations. 200-250 volts A.C. Model.

Universal Model A.C. or D.C. 10 gns. **9½ GNS**

2-VALVE SUPER-HET (Q.A.V.C.) 11 gns.
"PORTROLA" portable radio-gram. 12 gns.
6-VALVE RADIO-GRAM. 19 gns.
Convenient Deferred Terms.

with ONE-KNOB CONTROL
(*An exclusive Decca feature*)

Please send for FREE illustrated catalogue to DECCA Ltd., 1-3 Brixton Road, S.W.9.

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RIZLA FILTER TIPS every time!

say these Public Servants

Because—
They protect the throat and pocket (a pennyworth makes 10 extra cigarettes, or 30 to 36 from an ounce of tobacco, saving nearly £10 a year).

How are they used?
Quite simple—just get a Rizla One-Hand Pouch from your tobacconist; it costs only 4d. and contains everything necessary to make perfect Filter Tip Cigarettes. The machine on the pouch makes them in a jiffy but don't forget to use Rizla Filter Tips.

In any case—ask your Tobacconist

1D. AND 3D. PACKETS

USE ONLY RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS

World's Largest Sale

Aunt Sallies of *Football*

George Allison, Arsenal's manager, who is now suffering from a breakdown, talks things over with skipper Alex James, and his talent-scout, Peter MacWilliam, himself a former manager

by

CORINTHIAN

(*the Famous Football Authority*)

YOU read the other day that George Allison, the Arsenal football club's manager, known to millions of wireless listeners through his broadcasts, has worked himself into a collapse.

They have even removed the telephone from the nursing home to which they have taken him. They are keeping his whereabouts secret from his friends and barring the hospital to officials of his club in an effort to get his mind to run on gardening, politics, mountaineering—anything but football.

They won't succeed, of course. It would be just as easy to get a king to forget his country as a football manager his club.

The fact of the matter is that there are no people more conscientious or painstaking than these Aunt Sallies of Football, as I will call football managers, because they have to take all the blame for things that go wrong and see the credit go to other quarters when they pull off some real, sterling achievement.

How some of them keep their reason I don't know. Or, at least, I *do* know in the case of the late Tom Watson, the manager who built Sunderland into the "team of all the talents," as it is still known to this day.

Tom like all managers, had to live, eat, drink, and even sleep football in order to do his job properly. He felt thoroughly worked out when he suddenly hit on the perfect recipe for retaining his reason—which is hereby presented to other men who find it difficult to bear the whole weight of a first-class football team on their shoulders.

He simply refused to see his team play.

From early morning until late at night for six days a week he would devote himself wholeheartedly to his club, and then, when his team took the field for a match on Saturday afternoon, he would suddenly disappear.

I was one of the few people who knew where he was to be found, and I dared not intrude on his solitude. He would be hidden in a dark corner beneath the biggest stand, under the feet of thousands of spectators, trying his level best to understand the game from the cheers, boos, yells and catcalls that he heard, but determined that he should not shatter his nerves by seeing his men in action.

THEN football managers are among the most generally attacked people in the kingdom. In fact, I knew a Chelsea director who dared to watch his team in action, but would not trust himself to open a letter addressed to him at the club, knowing what a flood of abuse, mainly anonymous, is addressed to a manager whenever a team is faring badly.

But not even that would protect him from "the people who know better," who number thousands among the supporters of any club whenever there has been a run of defeats.

There are officials attached to Chelsea to-day who tell the story of a pale, ill-kempt-looking youth who arrived at the ground and, asking for the manager by name, duly made his bow.

"What can I do for you?" asked the manager.

"I want to play for Chelsea," said the man.

"What experience have you had?" the youth was asked. "And what team do you play for?".

The caller smiled wryly. "I play for nobody, and in fact have never kicked a football in my life," he replied. "That's why I consider myself well fitted to play for Chelsea!"

It was one of those kicks that come just as often as ha'pence in the life of a football manager.

I well remember facing a very worried Herbert Chapman, the late manager of the Arsenal and one of the most urbane and collected of men.

He had bought £40,000 worth of players for the forward line alone, and the net result seemed to make that department of the team worse. One player only of those he had purchased survived to play in the first eleven.

"A manager is always seeing swans which, after he has recommended them to his directors, turn out to be geese," was Herbert's comment on the subject that was causing him so much worry. How many managers there are to-day who would echo those words.

AN old trick played by small clubs which know that somebody is trying to get one of their players is to get that player to change places, at the last minute, with a "dud."

The manager goes back to his board with the news that the player concerned is too awful for words. He cannot recommend the club to buy him for, say, even £250.

When, a few weeks later, comes the news that another club has bought him for £2,000, and especially when he carries his club to success in his first match with the new team, the outwitted manager decides that the lot of such football officials as himself is indeed not a happy one.

Generally speaking, if the new player is a success, a certain board of directors prides itself on its wisdom, whereas if the player is an out-and-out failure a certain football manager gets well and truly kicked.

That is simple football justice.

The football manager is, indeed, the hardest working figure in any side. He must manage the training as well as the players. He is held responsible if a turnstile refuses to act when the public is clamouring at the gates, if a spectator hurts his ankle on a loose rail, if the team drops from its position in the League table, and even if the half-time band plays badly.

Small wonder that quite a number of managers I know refuse to watch the game from the touch-line, feeling that the anxiety would be too great an addition to the cares and worries that are already theirs.

Why, there was the case that many people will remember of a manager who raced on the field and hit the referee on the nose!

VERY wrong, of course, but also very understandable to anybody who knows of the woes and tribulations of football management, and how they wear a man down.

"I used to be a player," one famous manager told me, and in fact most managers are ex-players. "Now I reckon I'm the whole blinking F.A."

No wonder managers find themselves subjected to ten times more strain than the players. No wonder even the manager for a club with as enlightened a directorate as the Arsenal's finds himself moved to a nursing home with the telephone cut off so that he cannot get through to his club in that voice which millions of wireless listeners know so well.

IN THE VALLEY

THE Valley of Clinging Homesteads you might call a certain valley in South Wales where the houses seem to maintain a precarious hold on the steep slopes.

Back gardens lift themselves high above the houses and front gardens fall away towards the mountain road. There is a certain beauty about the disorder of it, especially when smoke goes wreathing up from the chimneys.

But advantages can be disadvantages, viewed in a different light.

Flood came to that valley recently, and tragic indeed were the consequences. Each pretty garden became a river bed, feeding torrents of water through the back and out of the front of each house.

What with treasured possessions being washed through front doors, or ruined as they stood, Happy Valley became Heartbreak Valley. . . .

If there was any happiness left immediately after the floods, it was in homes where a certain small precaution against such eventualities had been taken at no cost at all—where the householders had spent one minute of their time filling up a coupon such as is printed to-day on page 6.

We paid for the damage to their possessions, because this simple act earned them the protection of our unique free insurance scheme.

Why not sign that coupon now? You never know when you might want our help.

FOG gets into your throat. Put your voice right with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

deKUYPER'S Lemon GIN

— another member of the famous family

4 PERFECT PRESENTS

A FLAT FIFTY BOX (at 2/5) *as illustrated*
A FLAT FIFTY TIN (at 2/6)
A BOX OF A HUNDRED (at 4/8)
A TIN OF A HUNDRED (at 4/10)

All are supplied in Christmas cartons

-for they all say

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN

C.C.49 ID

Colds, Coughs Bronchitis

'Angiers' gives strength to resist infection

Prescribed by the Medical Profession for over forty years, this emulsion is now universally recognised as a standard approved treatment for colds, coughs, bronchitis, influenza and all catarrhal affections of the respiratory or digestive organs.

Angiers Brand Emulsion is soothing and healing to the throat, lungs, stomach and intestines, and it has a most invigorating, tonic influence upon the general health. No other emulsion is so strongly recommended and so largely prescribed by the Medical Profession. It is the most palatable of all emulsions and agrees perfectly with delicate, sensitive stomachs. Equally useful for adults and children.

The Perfect Emulsion for all Ages.

A Doctor writes: "I have to thank you for the 'Angiers.' At the time I was suffering from a cough which had hung on after a bad cold, so I decided to take the emulsion myself. The result was very pleasing—after a couple of doses the cough became free—expectoration easy—and in a few days it had gone altogether. I am now prescribing it in my practice with good results."
(Signed)————, M.B., Ch.B.

Of Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

ANGIERS BRAND EMULSION

ENDORSED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

FREE SAMPLE will be sent on receipt of 4d. stamps for postage. The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. K.A. 28), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Name.....
Address.....

Miles Safer! Miles Brighter!

Miles Better!

Safety Lamp with chromium-plated hood and unique top-light throwing safety beams in 3 directions. Best Lamp at its price. Uses 3-volt battery. 2/6

Obtainable at all good class cycle agents.

24-PAGE BOOKLET packed with interesting information every cyclist should know. Write TO-DAY—IT'S FREE!

DE-LUXE MODEL. The original dim-and-bright electric headlamp. Cal'e-ray top-light and green side lights. 30 hours' brilliant light from two pocket batteries. 5/6

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London Office—150 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2

PIFCO CYCLE LIGHTS

MAKE-UP WILL NOT HIDE IMPERFECT SKIN!

CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Blackheads, Chilblains, or other skin diseases. A few drops of this marvellous preparation give instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at your chemist.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send a postcard to-day for a liberal sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.14 Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4

D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION

Banishes Skin Troubles

Eat without Pain

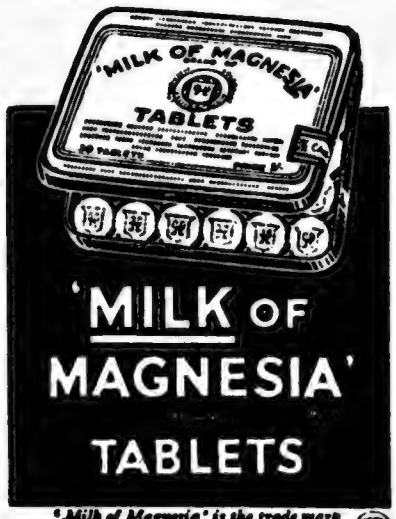
no more Acidity—no more Flatulence

Perhaps you are even now suffering torture from your last meal. Why live in such misery? By the aid of 'Milk of Magnesia' you can enjoy and digest your very next meal in comfort. It sweetens a sour, acid stomach within five minutes. Stops acute gastric pain almost instantly. What is even better, it restores the natural activity of the gastric juice, thus easing the work of the stomach and aiding the return of full digestive power.

Doctors prefer 'Milk of Magnesia' for stomach troubles because it is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system.

For convenience, many carry 'Milk of Magnesia' in the handy Tablet form. Each Tablet equal to one teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'.

A neat, flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also a family size bottle, 2/-. Of all chemists. Take them after your next meal—it will mark the end of your indigestion.



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'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Rub Colds away

WITH

Mistol Rub

Mistol Rub quickly relieves chest colds. Its new scientific base permits the soothing medicaments to get to work immediately — loosening up chest congestion, making breathing easier, and healing inflamed membranes. Harmless and clean to use, Mistol Rub is ideal for children.

IN TWO SIZES, 1/- and 1/9.

FOR HEAD COLDS, OF COURSE, USE Mistol Drops

HAPPY DOGS

10 YEARS OLD

"As Full of Beans as Ever"

Dear Sirs,— May I offer you my appreciation for your Tonic and Condition Powders. This snap of my dog speaks for itself. Since his puppy days he has had his weekly dose of Powders, and now at ten years of age he is still as full of beans as ever, having always had splendid health, thanks to SHERLEY'S.—L. Lakin.

"WONDERFUL COAT"

Dear Sirs, — I would like to say how much I value Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders. I have a collie bitch who, as a result of being regularly conditioned with these Powders, is on the very top of her form. She has a splendid coat, thick and glossy, sparkling eyes, and is always ready for a romp, and she has never been troubled with any skin irritation. —W. E. Airey.

CLEVER DOG

Dear Sirs,—I enclose photo of a clever spaniel dog, which may be of interest to you. This dog can perform several tricks, and has recently been filmed. He is kept in perfect condition by regular use of Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders. Coat in excellent condition. Always happy and alert—age 18 months.—F.G.

SHERLEY'S

TONIC & CONDITION POWDERS

In 3 strengths for small, medium and large dogs. 6d. per pkt. of 9 Powders, 1/3 per pkt. of 24 Powders. From Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants.

A. F. Sherley & Co., Ltd., 18, Hanbury Rd., London, S.E.1

Cinderella FAMILIES

BECAUSE Christmas celebrates the birth of Christ in the little town of Bethlehem in very humble surroundings, with no gorgeous silk-decked cradle to receive Him . . . "His little limbs lie cold and bare upon the straw beneath them spread . . . " every poor baby makes a special tug on one's heartstrings at this time of the year.

Take one-and-a-half-year-old Sylvia, who needs comforting. She is not yet able to walk, and attends the local Child Welfare Centre twice a week for treatment.

Her mother, who is expecting another baby in three months' time, is ill in hospital. The doctor attributes her weak state to under-nourishment.

Sylvia's ex-Service father served all through the Great War. He has been out of work for some time and suffers from bronchitis.

"We have tried to keep things going and make ends meet," he writes to the JOHN BULL Greatest of These Fund, "but we have got in arrears with the rent, and have had to pawn everything of any value, even the bed clothes and my boots. We have only coats to put over us at night. I do not know how I am going to get the bedding before my wife comes out of hospital."

Out of his 32s. a week unemployment pay he has to meet his rent, pay 4s. a week for his wife in hospital, and 6s. a week to a girl to look after Sylvia and her five-year-old brother.

"I have also," he says, "had a court order made against me to pay 3s. monthly off the balance due for the funeral of a little boy I lost last March. I tried to keep up the payments I was making weekly, but we were all going so short of food I could not do so. Now, when I have paid all I can every week, I have only 6s. left for food."

Sylvia's father is recommended to us by the vicar of the parish as "worthy of our help."

There are many more in a similar plight to that of Sylvia and her parents. And, as Christmas is, above all, a festival when the children of the poor should get a look in, we make a special appeal to our readers for generous help to our Fund, so that we may respond to as many as possible out of a bewildering pile of requests from unemployed, often disabled, ex-Service men, all expressing the same wistful hope of receiving something to enable them to make Christmas a little brighter for their kiddies.

Help the kiddies

"I am writing to you asking for a little help for my children, who do not know really what a good Christmas is," writes an ex-Service father of five children, whose ages range from twelve years to twelve months. He suffers from rheumatoid arthritis.

"The children always look forward to a little extra on Christmas Day," writes a widow with six children, "and I can't afford to get anything extra."

"My husband is suffering from T.B. through his war service," writes another. "What I am worried about is Christmas coming, and we cannot get anything for the children."

We must not omit to thank our friends who have helped us through 1935 to keep the Fund going. They are our fairy godfathers and godmothers, who would not like us to give their names, for many send their donations strictly anonymously.

One gives us a joyful surprise every now and again by sending a handsome cheque; another chooses some specially hard case to help liberally. A godmother who lives at Huddersfield; Pixie, and a Southall friend send regular help for the weekly appeals. "Deep Sea" cheers us up from time to time with a visit, bringing as his visiting card a one pound note.

Sylvia. "We have only coats for clothes at night," her father says

—A Christmas Cry to Heed

Some subscribers, such as "Old Age Pensioner," "A Working Woman," and so on, make big sacrifices to help those who are worse off than themselves.

Like Cinderella's fairy Godmother, these subscribers have transformed sadness into gladness, for it is through their gifts that many families will be able to gather happily round their own hearths this Christmas. Over and over again during this year by the Fund's timely help in clearing arrears of rent that unpopular, uninvited guest, the bailiff, has been kept at bay and a family threatened with eviction enabled to pacify an impatient landlord.

During 1935 some fifty families, whose children's faces have looked out appealingly from the Fund's weekly article, have been set on their feet, and their hearts comforted by the knowledge that, after all, there are kind people in the world ready to show their sympathy in a practical way.

General Fund

In many cases subscriptions have been able to provide the extra nourishment ordered by the doctor, to build up the health of some ailing ex-Service father, or mother or child just come out of hospital.

Their letters of thanks shine like a golden thread through the office files.

Our War Baby's mother wrote on receipt of the final instalment from the total sent by our subscribers for her help: "Very many thanks for money received this morning. It was a lovely surprise. We are in luck and feel quite rich. Greater kindness I have never met with."

Ada's father writes: "Thank you for the generous help you have given to my wife. . . . May God bless you for your kindness."

And Michael's father in his letter of thanks says: "I don't know how to thank you for what you have done for me and my family. This is the first day that I have been able to go out. I have got my clothes out of pawn and have got new clothes for my children. I thank you from my heart for what you have done. I only wish I could thank all your readers who have sent, personally. I shall never forget their kindness, for they have brought us happiness."

Then, in addition to these special weekly appeals, grants from the general fund have saved numbers of our ex-Service men's families from despair, or given relief to some ex-Service man's distracted widow left penniless with a family of young children.

Sometimes it is a deserted wife and mother who seeks the Fund's help, like the woman who came to us the other day with a three-months-old infant in her arms, the youngest of three small children, whose husband had deserted her when baby was born.

"Once more"

She was tired and hungry, having had nothing to eat for two days. All she had coming in was 15s. a week, out of which 10s. had to go in rent, leaving 5s. for herself and the kiddies to live on. When money was handed to her with the advice to go and have a good meal, her happiness seemed reflected even in her baby, who crowed and kicked with joy.

But the General Fund is in disgrace again this year for giving out grants in excess of its subscriptions, and falling into debt, in spite of the fact that JOHN BULL has, as usual, paid every penny of the Fund's working expenses out of its own pocket.

"Once more the time has come round," says one subscriber, "when one specially feels we must share a little of our 'None too much' with those of our fellows with 'so much too little.' So herewith I enclose a Treasury note towards your Fund."

We close our appeal for those who have "so much too little" with a verse:

"Seek love in the pity of others' woes,
In the gentle relief of another's care,
In the darkness of night and the winter's snow,
In the naked and outcast, seek Love there."

Donations earmarked "Sylvia" and for our Christmas help, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Eve Shampoo has created a tremendous stir. Naturally; for it is the greatest shampoo discovery ever made. Thousands of women already use it regularly, for they find that Eve imparts a wondrous sheen and glossiness.

DON'T USE SOAP ON YOUR HAIR!

Soap often leaves a deposit which clogs the tiny roots and masks the natural lustre of the hair. Eve Shampoo leaves no deposit whatever. Its regular use strengthens the hair, improves its texture, and helps it to grow lovelier and silkier. For every type of hair—and only 2d a packet. You can buy Eve Shampoo at Boots, Taylors, or at Chemists, Hairdressers, Grocers, Co-op. Stores — almost anywhere.

2d

EVE SHAMPOO

EVS 21-172-35 JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

Get the most out of Life!

The revitalizing, rejuvenating effect of 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets was first established by medically observed tests and the results of these tests have been confirmed by men and women in all parts of the world. These tablets provide an amazingly effective means of increasing the vital force of the whole organism, so enabling all those who take them *regularly* to get the most out of life!

'Phyllosan' tablets increase the body's power to transform food into energy and new body tissue. Particularly notable is the effect upon the heart muscle and the circulatory system. Not only is the blood revitalized, but the heart's action is strengthened and the arteries become more resilient. So the nutrition of brain and body is greatly improved and a common cause of that "never ill but never really well" condition is corrected.

'Phyllosan' tablets are the brand tablets sold by Natural Chemicals, Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN'

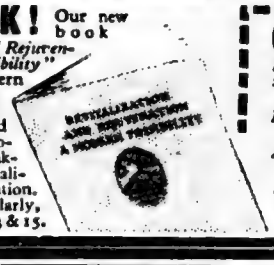
BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL Regd.

TABLETS TO-DAY!

Of all chemists, 3/-, 5/-, and Family Size, 20/-

The 5/- size contains double, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the quantity of the 3/- size

FREE BOOK! Our new book "*Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility*" explains how modern science is dealing with the problems of Abnormal Blood Pressure, Arteriosclerosis, Heart Weakness, Anæmia, Revitalization, and Rejuvenation. Women, particularly, should read pages 14 & 15.



COUPON To NATURAL CHEMICALS LTD., (Dept. 47) 28 St. John's Lane, E.C.1

Please send me a copy of your book: "Revitalization and Rejuvenation a modern Possibility."

Name.....

Address.....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS please. Post in unsealed envelope under ½d. stamp. J.B. 14.12.35

Proprietary rights are not claimed in this preparation apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan,' which is the property and denotes the products of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

How delighted she'll be!

PACKED in gay cartons ready for the post, each containing four handy flat boxes of 25 cigarettes. These flat 'Twenty-fives' slip comfortably into the handbag or coat pocket without any bulge.

"The Ten-minute smoke for intelligent folk"

FROM THE LATEST FOX-TROT 'MINE'S A MINOR'

De Reszke MINORS

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

ALSO PACKED READY FOR THE POST

60 *for* 2/- • 165 *for* 3/6

120 *for* 4/- • 180 *for* 6/-

'I like 'Mansion' -its brightness lasts so long

The long-lasting brilliance of Mansion Polish is saving time and trouble for millions of women. They find that one application keeps a floor looking bright for days and days, only a dust-over being necessary to bring up the brightness as fresh as ever. And the fresh, clean surface ensured by this easy-to-use polish gives a touch of such beauty to the home.

Think of the trouble you save by using

MANSION POLISH

for Floors Furniture and Linoleum

TINS 3d. 6d. AND LARGER SIZES

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BETS BY POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10 UP TO ANY AMOUNT

WINNINGS BY RETURN

OVER THE STICKS

THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS AS FOR THE FLAT

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

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ODDS UP TO 10,000 to 1

'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS

include ALL the matches in

SIX LEAGUES

ALL THE CERTS

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED

Please send your Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....

I.B.14 12/35

Address .....

Town .....

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

JOB *for the* NINE Women M.P.s

THEY must fight strenuously for more humane conditions for the blue-and-white-garbed angels who tend the sick.

Twelve hours is too long for nurse to work. Pay, too, is such as no trade unionist would tolerate. Good works must not be synonymous with slavery; nor should the flower of Britain's womanhood be the prey to petty restrictions.

The law compels specific standards for those who work by the sweat of their brow; in the same way, she who smooths fevered foreheads should be looked after. —*A. C., Preston.*

Calls in Vain

A little child awakes suddenly in a dark room, and just to reassure itself before again closing its eyes, calls "Mummy! Mummy!!" There is no answer, and now thoroughly awake and frightened, it calls again and again—in vain.

But for the scared little child the house is empty, and will be until the kinemas close and the "fond" parents return.

Child Welfare workers tell us that tragedies similar to this take place in hundreds of homes every night. What are the lady M.P.s going to do about it?—*Mrs. H., Stalybridge.*

Madness

If they accomplish this one task, and nothing more, their inclusion in Parliament will not have been in vain.

Only those women who are married to incurable inmates of an asylum can know the hardships entailed in adhering to that law which makes them destined to a lifetime of loneliness and hardship.

I, as one of these unfortunates, seek nothing more from the feminine M.P.s than that they will unite in terminating such an intolerable state of affairs.—*"Married Spinster," Swindon.*

It Must End

Women are doing the same work as men in commerce and industry; but are they getting a square financial deal in return?

Employers are taking advantage of women at every turn. They are giving them men's jobs at girls' pay. This injustice should be ended, and I suggest that this task might well be tackled by the women M.P.s.—*A. G., Glasgow.*

Urgent

One of the most urgent necessities of our age is cheap milk. It means life and good health to growing children; yet it is very costly.

Farmers tell us that they can produce it for less than half the price we pay for it.

If the nine women M.P.s will compel the Milk Marketing Board to reduce the cost of milk to a reasonable figure mothers the world over will bless them.—*Mrs. G. P., Denbighshire.*

Justice in Wills

Their immediate job should be to secure justice for women in the matter of wills.

A man can leave his wife and family destitute, leaving his money, from spite or fancied wrong, to charity. Worse still, he can leave it to a mistress.

A woman can serve a man faithfully through life—sharing the lean years with him, only to find at his death the money that is morally hers left to somebody else.—*"Let Down," Sussex.*

Wholehearted Support

They would greatly benefit the nation if they could get school homework abolished—at least during the summer.

It is heartbreaking, on a lovely summer evening, to see children wrestling with studies indoors. They should be playing joyfully in the open air.

The women M.P.s would be dealing with a subject about which they could talk sympathetically and convincingly, and they would be sure of the wholehearted support of parents!—*H. S., Mellor.*

Parade Them!

They should put the male Members through their paces. Look at the galliant six hundred! Can more than half a dozen be called handsome? How many could do the "daily dozen" without puffing like old-time "Billy"?

Nancy and her colleagues should set about reducing male corporation, filling out lean frames; putting vim and vigour into all Members of the House.

Physical parade on the Terrace every day of Session might well be repaid by quicker decisions and better speeches.—*"Ted," North Durham.*

Precious Birthright

There are many women who have lost their British nationality by marrying foreigners. Their husbands, perhaps, die, and they find themselves foreigners in their own country. Others find that although they have married foreigners they have no nationality, since they do not automatically become citizens of their husbands' country.

Others, again, have married abroad and divorced their husbands; they may know no word of the language. No matter, they aren't British.

Cannot the women M.P.s help these unfortunate sisters to retain their precious birthright—British nationality? It is a job for women, since it concerns women alone.—*T. W., Sydenham.*

Damnable Plight

In my capacity as news-reporter I see a trembling, tearful girl whimpering under the savagery of counsel. "Tell the Court what happened!"

She stammers, the onlookers nudge one another—she stops. Again, "Tell the Court *exactly* what happened!" She tries, he bullies her, and all the time the public revels in it.

That the public should be allowed in court during the hearing of such cases is a blot on our legal system, and I hope that our women Members will try to get this damnable plight of the unmarried mother immediately altered.—*D. G. W., Glamorgan.*

Cheaper Houses

The home is the focal point of every mother's activities, the centre of all family life and ambitions.

Many houses, it is true, have been erected of late, but few at rents really low enough to suit the poorer-paid class of worker. If 15s. to 20s. out of small weekly income has to go in rent, the nutrition and health of the family is bound to suffer.

Our nine women M.P.s would earn the gratitude of many by demanding the erection of dwellings at a rental which would meet the requirements of the ordinary working man.—*H. M., Totterdown.*

Accidents Common

They would do a great service to the workers of the country if they pressed for a new Factory Act. Reformers in all Parties in Parliament are agreed that the old Act is altogether inadequate.

It was drafted when conditions of labour were in many ways different from what they are to-day. Thus accidents are common, and ordinary safeguards are not taken, because the law is obsolete.

If a new Act, with comprehensive regulations for safeguarding life and limb under modern conditions of labour, were passed countless accidents would be avoided.—"*Elsie,*" *Salop.*

* * *

Meagre wages prevent saving, and over the heads of the tillers of Britain's soil hangs the constant threat of poverty in old age. For by the irony of existing circumstances the lowest-paid class of worker in the land is denied the benefits of a national pension scheme.

Here is a job for our women M.P.s.—"*X. Y. Z.,*" *Suffolk.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, December 17.

The Christmas Memory I Cherish Most

Race with "Silver Ring"

More, Please!

I AM being asked for long-shots for the Victory 'Chase and Victory Hurdle, the big races on the Manchester New Year programmes.

Cranford St. Andrew and Adriatic may come up trumps. The weights are due and maybe one or two of the ante-post layers will put up a list of prices. They did so last year.

National Hunt racing needs a few big events, with ante-post wagering, to give it a fillip. After the Grand Sefton in November there are no outstanding races until the Cheltenham fixture in March.

There is no reason why there should not be one big event a month, with a call-over

Make a note of Jovial Judge, Taos and Robin Dawe at Hurst Park this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 12, to Wednesday, December 18.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
1 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 95QMT94ML would read AVENGER. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 9895YSX2 would read WAUKOO.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

52/- cash

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

PARK DRIVE

THE LEADING QUALITY 4d. CIGARETTE

MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY FOR WHITENING SKIN

MADE BY CHEMIST'S LUCKY ACCIDENT

While experimenting in his laboratory, a Paris Chemist was startled at the amazing bleaching and softening effect produced when some "oxygen white" accidentally spilled over his hand. Rough skin scales and discolorations melted away, revealing fresh, new, clear skin of a fine white texture. When tested on the faces of a number of women, it made their skin from 3 to 5 shades whiter and gave an indescribable velvety softness like that of delicate, closely protected parts of the body.

By exclusive concession, this "oxygen white" is now contained in the new Crème Tokalon White Colour (non-greasy). It enters and purifies the skin, dissolves away every blackhead, tightens enlarged pores and gives a gorgeous transparent new complexion, never before obtained from any toilet or beauty product. Despite the inclusion of "oxygen white" in the new Crème Tokalon White Colour, there is no increase in price. Start using it to-day and note the quick results. Success guaranteed or money refunded.

Accept this FREE OFFER of a TRIAL BOTTLE of WINCARNIS!

All you have to do is to fill in the coupon on the Front Cover. Simple, isn't it?

If you are run down or suffer from nerves, if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, accept this generous Sample Offer by filling in your name and address in the coupon on the Front Cover, and enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage, etc. Turn to the Front Cover and Act now!

Smokers' Gifts made easy

EMPIRE for JACK
VIRGINIA for DAD

but insist on *Lloyds'*

BONDMAN TOBACCO

BECAUSE IT'S FRESH—PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

● BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz.

● BONDMAN EMPIRE BLEND • • • 10d per oz.

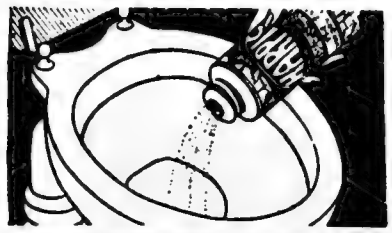
(46)

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Don't let them think it about YOUR lavatory

Do people think you "careless"? It's so easy to offend in this way. You'll be quite safe if you use Harpic. No need for tiresome, unpleasant brushing — *just sprinkle Harpic* and your lavatory-pan becomes spotlessly white, odourless and thoroughly sanitary. Use Harpic. And use it last thing at night — then it works undisturbed for several hours. Get Harpic in the new easy-flow tin, prices 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

See that hidden bend in the pipe? The brush can't reach the stains there!



Harpic sweeps right round the hidden bend and cleans everything.

Just a sprinkle of **HARPIC** -thats all it *needs*

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

A Pretty, Well-Cut PATTERN FREE

Accept this generous offer by the manufacturers of Robin Starch. A pattern of a delightful dainty overall, designed by a famous fashion house, is offered free to every reader of this paper in exchange for only one lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet of Robin Starch, or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d., or 1d. packets. The pattern is simple to use, and with it are full instructions for cutting out, amount of material, etc. Sizes are 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 (bust). Be sure to mention the offer appears in "John Bull," and post your Robin Starch lids in sealed stamped envelope addressed to Pattern Dept., Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull

Hosts *and Hosts of Hostesses*

use

OXO

—Strengthening and adding appetising flavour to Gravies, Stews, Soups and all Meat Dishes.

Stop Your Back Aching!

DON'T ENDURE backache, rheumatic pains, swollen joints, urinary disorders, disturbed nights, headaches and dizzy attacks. As soon as these symptoms indicate kidney weakness take Doans Backache Kidney Pills. By their special action on the kidneys and urinary system they will restore you to health in the shortest possible time.

"No Medicine equals Doans"

Mr. E. Cook, 49, Highfield Road, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, says:—"For twenty years I was subject to severe attacks of lumbago. Sharp twinges would catch me in the back and hips. The urinary system was disordered and the excretions contained sediment.

"No remedy I tried brought me the relief I got from Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They eased my back and made me well. I always say there's no medicine to equal Doans Pills.

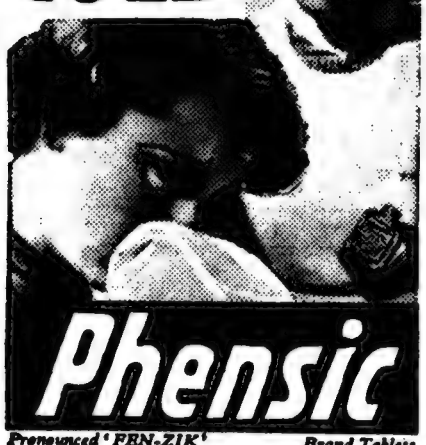
(*Signed*) E. Cook."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, **Insist upon**

Doans Backache Kidney **Pills**

What can I do nurse? another

AWFUL COLD



Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand Tablets

Relieves Overnight!

You want instant ease. You want to stop the Sneezing, Shivering, Aching. You want a dose of Phensic—the one quick, safe, certain treatment. Take it when attacks start. They disappear in the night. Feverish temperature drops to normal.

Nurse Bassett (London, S.E.) writes:—"My experience of Phensic has been amazing. In INFLUENZA, severe Headaches and Neuralgia, it is invaluable."

Phensic Instantly Relieves All Pain—Rheumatism, Sciatica, Back-ache, Stomach Pain, Women's Pains, Depression.

Sold everywhere: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

NEVER HARMS THE HEART

The Editor Laughs Last

B. N. (Retford).—"Cold winds are often fatal to turkeys." So are hot dinners.

M. L. (Heston).—"I am by no means lazy, and every morning am up at five." To eight?

S. B. M. (St. Andrews).—"I have to give forty clear days' notice before I can leave my house." It doesn't look as if you'll manage it in this weather.

E. T. (Doncaster).—"I think the most important man in the boxing game is the referee." He is certainly the one who counts.

WIFE (Tewkesbury).—"I think it is very wrong for a woman to go through her husband's pockets." Surely you mean futile?

HARRY M. (Preston).—"A well-known bridge player has insured his hands." The hands we get aren't worth bothering about.

PHRENOLOGIST (Hove).—"A man with thin, pointed ears is generally of an inquisitive nature." A man with thick ears has probably been far too inquisitive.

A. L. C. (Cambridge).—"According to medical reports, lumbago is taking a back place." It always did!

EXPERT (Billericay).—"Whatever does an inexperienced poultry farmer hope to get from hens?" Eggs.

SUBURBANITE (Middlesex).—"My views of things are rapidly changing." So they're still building in your district.

F. H. N. (Berwick).—"No one can expect to start a business career at the top." Not even if he becomes a barber?

A. A. (Chiswick).—"Whenever I light a fire in my garden the woman next door makes an awful fuss." She flares up, too?

DINER-OUT (West End).—"When one opens one's mouth in company it is better to say something known to be true." That's a fact.

FARMER (Chingford).—"I believe that when two rams fight they are thinking deeply all the while." They certainly put their heads together, as a rule.

ESSAYIST (Bloomsbury).—"Narrow-minded, inquisitive men eventually drive people to their graves." This seems rather a bitter attack on our undertakers.

BACHELOR (Grimsby).—"The man who stands meekly by while his wife allots him his pocket-money deserves that sort of wife." And that sort of pocket-money!

C. H. T. (Morley).—"The enthusiasm for buying gifts at Christmas is slowly dying out." You mean, that in time the present will be a thing of the past.

J. S. (Glasgow).—"My success as a potato merchant was based, I believe, on the first fourteen pounds lot I sold." It was a foundation stone, eh?

FILM CRITIC (Fleet Street).—"Male kinema-goers demand movement, but how many of them get it?" All those who sit in gangway seats.

G. T. J. (Newcastle).—"Business men are morally bound to give their customers a run for their money." Especially hen-coop manufacturers.

C. C. (Rochester).—"Is there anything you know you can guarantee to wake a heavy sleeper at any time of the night or early morning?" A baby.

H. L. (Liverpool).—"I am not young and handsome, but I have yet to meet the woman that does not smile sweetly in my presence." Photographer?

RAILWAYMAN (Eastleigh).—"Have you any idea as to how long it takes to turn out a finished sleeper?" Depends entirely on his desire to eat breakfast.

T. S. (London, E.).—"Did you read that a Press photographer has signed on as a centre-forward with a professional football club?" He should be an adept at snap-shots.

Dr. R. S. (Hampstead).—"A suburbanite who keeps three pet ducks in his back garden says he never calls any of them anything but Donald." We'll wager his neighbours do!

THE KID

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

A. N. (Truro).—"Eat more fruit and be happy." And avoid the pip.

D. B. (Exeter).—"Sailors are often confused in city streets." All at sea?

MABEL (Shepherd's Bush).—"The man I marry will have to be fearless." He most probably will be.

G. F. (Diss).—"I am going to my first bridge party next week. Can you advise me what to take?" Tricks.

CLERK (London, E.C.).—"I told him straight out where cooking the books would land him." In a stew, of course.

ENGINEER (Sheffield).—"What game would you expect an electric-fan maker to play in his spare time?" Draughts.

CURIOUS (Liverpool).—"Have you noticed that nearly all bank clerks are on the tall side." Well, it would not do for them to be short, would it?

G. O. R. (Gillingham).—"I know a tailor who will have to work hard from now until Christmas to get his orders done." He has his work cut out.

LEFT BACK (Wembley).—"For half an hour while he was massaging my leg with embrocation our trainer kept on repeating his advice." He rubbed it in.

MRS. F. G. (Guildford).—"My husband went fishing for the whole of last week-end, and what do you think he caught?" Trouble, when he got home.

A. C. T. (Penfold).—"I have a maxim for my mother-in-law." Nevertheless, we think the use of a machine-gun far too drastic.

WORRIED (Bilston).—"Whilst walking in my sleep I am told that I nearly crashed into the wardrobe looking-glass." Then, of course, you came to yourself.

BRIDEGROOM (Durham).—"I want every part of our new house to be bang up to date. What, for instance, is the last word in doorways?" "Good-bye!"

B. O. K. (Blackheath).—"There are certain professions in which it is fatal for a man to wander from the straight and narrow path." Such as tight-rope walking, for instance?

MRS. B. (Bath).—"I consider there should be an Act of Parliament prohibiting traders sending their accounts in open envelopes." You had better suggest to your Member that he introduces a Private Bill.

L. G. (Spalding).—"I find money hard to spend." While we spend money hard to find.

F. J. (Sevenoaks).—"I've put my house on the books of several agents." Small property?

ELECTRICIAN (Leeds).—"A severe shock may be given through a single hair." Yes, the first grey one.

G. G. (Wapping).—"There are men in my line who can never hope to get a day's work." Night watchmen?

P. T. G. (Wimbledon).—"I see that a man in Italy has bought a volcano." We know a man who has married one.

J. G. (Dundee).—"Although I was naturally annoyed when the bus wouldn't stop for me, I made no complaint." You just let it pass.

MISS ANNE (Bolton).—"What would a golf beginner do if he were given a birthday cake made into the form of a golf ball?" Slice it, of course.

THOS. (St. Albans).—"I always think of Dame Nature as a very efficient business woman." Well, frankly, we don't think much of her untidy loose-leaf system.

CHEF (Bournemouth).—"Some Russian explorers claim they will be able to live for a year on clear soup frozen solid." But it will be a bit thick.

H. A. (Dumfries).—"To obtain the desired results, the carpet beater should be handled firmly." Otherwise he might slink off to a football match.

CHILDREN'S WRITER (Fleet Street).—"What would you call an ideal hiding-place for a mischievous small boy?" His father's knee.

EX-SEAMAN (Portsmouth).—"During my last year or so in the Navy I was afraid that my fear of diving was being noticed." Coming to the surface, so to speak.

CHEF (Plymouth).—"I know of a wonderful recipe for stuffing apples." We know of several small boys who can do that without a recipe.

CAMPER (Malton).—"During the past camping season I have succeeded in reducing my time for erecting my tent from twelve minutes to two." You know the ropes by now.

L. A. M. (Cornwall).—"The local dentist has informed us that he doesn't want us to sing carols outside his door this year." Perhaps he has heard you all howling before.

H. J. (Barnes).—"What would you say to a 72-hour week for a salary of £2 5s.?" Words fail us. But a few words can win £500 for you this week and a five-minute job for 1936 at £5 a week. See page 47.

D. M. (Taunton).—"A man of outstanding personality can cause people to be silent when he wishes." How staggered a football crowd would be if the referee raised his hand and then, in the eerie silence, deliberately booed back!

BOOTMAKER (Northampton).—"The latest indoor footwear for men is made with steel buckles." We rather doubt whether small sons will make Christmas presents of them to their fathers, however.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.

Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache etc.

NERVOUS? ARE YOU WORRIED? UNHAPPY?

Does indigestion, dizziness, lost sleeplessness make you irritable and gloomy? If you are depressed, run down, low spirited or exhausted, there's help for you. Write for a FREE COPY of the most amazing book on nerves (troubles—PROS TERROR TO TRIUMPH—In this you will find your way back to peace and happiness. Write to THE BROSOMIN COMPANY (Dept. 18), India Pavilion, Wembley, Middlesex.

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT LEADS TO Romance

AT MARY'S – NEXT DAY
YOU USE "VASELINE" JELLY?
OH, YES. THAT'S MY BEAUTY DISCOVERY FOR HANDS! KEEPS THEM SOFT AS SATIN. I JUST SMOOTH IT ON EVERY NIGHT. ONLY 4½D A JAR!

—And doctors say, too, that burns and abrasions are kept safe from infection by "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, the perfect protection. Apply after cleansing the injury. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, N.W.10.

SCRATCHES BRUISES BURNS CUTS

SAFE - PURE - HEALING

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly

4 6 9

VJ4-4200

LEG TROUBLE
A FREE OFFER.

★A GENEROUS sample of an excellent remedy for all leg troubles and kindred ailments is offered on p. 7. A special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials will also be sent to all sufferers who complete the coupon for the free sample. Turn to the 'ELASTO' announcement on p. 7 now, while you think of it!

"You're very wise to ask that, Mrs. Bartlett. And I'll tell you the way in which you can help them most.

Make sure of internal cleanliness by giving them a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' This is specially important with children like yours, who are working hard for their exams. There's nothing pulls them down more than poison in the system — it affects their general health as well as their ability to concentrate on their studies, and it makes them liable to catch any infection that's going.

In my experience 'California Syrup of Figs' does far more than simply cleanse the system. It never gripes nor upsets the bowels. It acts quite naturally, like fresh fruit; it keeps the digestion healthy and active. With the help of 'California Syrup of Figs' your children will enjoy their food better and get all the goodness from it. I'm against ordinary purgatives because they so often have weakening after-effects and actually do more harm than good.

'California Syrup of Figs' is splendid for young people who are at the critical growing stage. It safeguards them against constipation and biliousness and enables them to resist colds and infections. I find it the ideal laxative for adults, especially for women. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Bartlett, I use it myself and recommend you to adopt it for the whole family."

Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. 1/3 and 2/6 the bottle at any chemist's. It pays to buy the larger bottle.

"California Syrup of Figs"
BRAND
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

YOUR HAIR
WILL NEVER BE UNRULY IF YOU USE
HARLENE HAIR CREAM

"HARLENE" HAIR CREAM is the latest and best Hair Toilet Aid for Men. It gives an air of distinction, a sleekness and polish, and sets the hair with a crispness that makes you look youthful and alert. It penetrates the roots under the scalp and creates young hair growth, thus preventing Baldness. From all Chemists and Stores, price 7½d., 1/1½d. and 2/- per bottle.

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

Every man who takes a pride in his appearance is invited to try HARLENE HAIR CREAM FREE. Just send a postcard and we will send you a large sample bottle by return of post. Then you can actually see for yourself what a difference it will make to your hair. Edwards Harlene Ltd. (C.810), 20 28, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1. Stamp your postcard with 1d. stamp.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

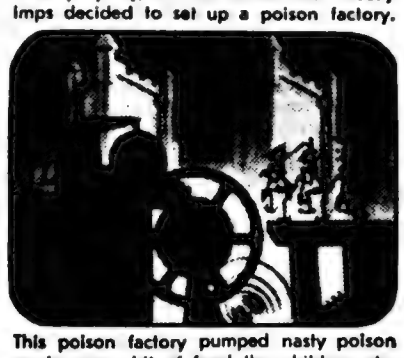
CURES PILES

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

I have treated —— for Rheumatism and Sciatica with URACE brand TABLETS with excellent results; she is better than she has been for years. Sister M. C. N——, S.R.N. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

How the Gibbs Fairies saved the Children's health

Once these children wouldn't clean their teeth properly, so two horrid little decay imps decided to set up a poison factory.



This poison factory pumped nasty poison on to every bit of food the children ate. They did look ill and miserable.

Then teacher told them about Gibbs, so they summoned the Gibbs Fairies, who dest oyed the poison factory and expelled Decay.

Now the children are happy and healthy because Gibbs twice a day keeps their Ivory Castles so clean no poison can settle.

Gibbs Dentifrice makes teeth white and lovely for the present and safe for the future. Its fragrant antiseptic foam kills germs, dissolves film, washes away everything that could cause decay. Teeth are polished safely. The entire mouth refreshed and purified. Change to Gibbs today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS

SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d, 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes - - - 6d & 1/-

GD101S

GREAT NEW APT-WORDS PRIZE-LIST FOR JOHN BULL'S COMPETITION

NOT CONDUCTED IN CONJUNCTION WITH ANY OTHER JOURNAL

WIN
£500 Cash
FIRST PRIZE
2nd Prize £50
3rd Prize £25
300 of 2/6 • 3,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES
50 BIG 10-IN-1 HAMPERS
each containing: Plump Surrey Fowl, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crackers, Biscuits, Fine Old Port.
£100 CASH BONUS
to be divided between "Apt-words" No. 5, entrants who win a CASH prize in this contest and in "Bullets" Competition No. 1011 this week

HOW TO WIN IN "APT-WORDS"

FIFTY big 10-in-1 Hampers as well as many fine cheques are waiting to be won in *Apt-words*, the fascinating new Contest which sets you thinking and winning. But if you are to capture a big *Apt-words* prize in time for the New Year, you must settle down to half an hour with those interesting *Example* squares as soon as you can.

Enter the best effort of the week and you will be able to start 1936 with a comfortable fortune safely in your bank. Congratulations will soon be speeding to the winner of that splendid £500 First Prize; it is up to you to grasp this magnificent opportunity to ensure for you and yours a happy and prosperous New Year.

All that is required of prize-winners in this wonderful one-week Offer of big *Apt-words* cheques and Hampers is simply explained below and can be grasped in a few moments. And within an hour you will be able to make up a whole series of efforts from which to make a final selection of the best for entering by Saturday, Dec. 21.

Two Words —no more.

TO construct an ***Apt-Word***, first select as your ***Example*** any word you can build up from the squares provided on this page. From the first of this week's squares, for instance, you might choose either HOUSES or ROUSES from the words available.

To form an ***Apt-Word*** you simply add TWO words of apt and original comment to your chosen ***Example***. Your two words, remember, must begin with letters taken from the ***Example*** used. It does not matter in which order your selected letters appear in the ***Example***, but you must not use the same letter twice unless it occurs twice in the ***Example***. Hyphened words in common usage permitted. Coined words barred.

Here are some specimen efforts, all built in various ways with the above words, HOUSES and ROUSES, as ***Examples***.

Houses—Employment—Utopia!
Houses—Speeding Housing!
Houses—Or "Shells"!
Rouses—Rank Swank.
Rouses—Sonny, "Sleepy?"
Rouses—Underdog, "Rats!"

Now for your own efforts. Literally dozens of ***Examples*** can be made from the squares on this page. Go to work carefully, making sure that each of your two-word comments forms a close link with its ***Example*** and is as polished in phrasing as it can be.

Complete any Word below then use as "Example."

	O	U	S	E	S
G	A		E		
	A	R	R	I	E	D
S		O	R		
A	R		F	U	L
		S	H		
L	O	O		E	D
	O	M	E		
	A	R	S		
B	A		K	I	N	G

Enter your "Apt-words" on these Coupons

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
"APT-WORDS" No. 5—CLOSING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21. I agree to all Rules and enclose Postal Order No..... (With 1 coupon send 6d.)	Signed ..... Address ..... J.B. .....

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
"APT-WORDS" No. 5—CLOSING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21. I agree to all Rules and enclose Postal Order No..... (With 2 coupons send 1s.)	Signed ..... Address ..... J.B. .....

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
"APT-WORDS" No. 5—CLOSING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21. I agree to all Rules and enclose Postal Order No..... (With 3 coupons send 1s. 6d.)	Signed ..... Address ..... J.B. .....

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
"APT-WORDS" No. 5—CLOSING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21. I agree to all Rules and enclose Postal Order No..... (With 4 coupons send 2s.)	Signed ..... Address ..... J.B. .....

£3,500 Won in 'John Bull' Crossword No. 330

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £3,250 offered:—

M. Bowyer, 31, Oriel Avenue, Oldham; Miss L. Craven, 2, Barnhill, Stanley, Co. Durham; G. A. Jones, 20, Gwerthonor Place, Gilfach, Bargoed, Glam.; Miss N. S. Miles, Ancaster, Padleigh Hill, Bath; T. H. Warner, 47, The Avenue, St. Margarets-on-Thames.

Subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £650 will be sent to each of them.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, December 17, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £250 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 109 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £2 5s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Further, each Runner-up from whom "John Bull" received four or more coupons in one envelope for this Competition will receive an additional Cash Bonus of the same amount as his Runner-up Award.

In addition to their cash awards, each of the five competitors sharing the First Prize and 109 competitors who divide the Prize for Runners-up will receive a plump Surrey Fowl and a luscious Xmas Cake.

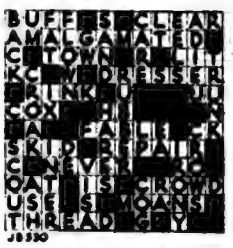
IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CROSSWORD ENTRANTS.

All holders of Crossword "Season Ticket" coupons and Surprise Award Vouchers are advised that these are available for use in 'John Bull's' new 'Apt-words' Competition.

FREE HELP WITH "APT-WORDS"

Free aid in winning *Apt-words* prizes is to be found in "John Bull's" *Apt-words Gazette*; it is posted each Wednesday to applicants who complete the Easy Registration Coupon on *Bullets* page.

SOLUTION OF "JOHN BULL" X-WORD No. 330



J8330

Above we give the Solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 330, the result of which also appears on this page.

ADDRESS ENTRY to
JOHN BULL "Apt-Words" No. 5,
57, Long Acre,
LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

ENTRY FEE

1 COUPON	P.O.	6d
2 COUPONS	P.O.	1s.
3 COUPONS	P.O.	1s. 6d.
4 COUPONS	P.O.	2s. 0d.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor of "John Bull" is the best effort received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed & Co. . Entrant's name, address and fee of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupon must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with the competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of "John Bull" (and associated companies) and their families are not eligible.

(Readers in Scotland are eligible to enter this Contest.)

FROM VIOLENT STOMACH PAIN TO PERFECT EASE in Two Minutes.

Imagine it—the swift, incredible relief, the realisation that the agony has gone—*for good!* Every week thousands of people are experiencing this miraculous relief. Mr. Tom Grist, of Worsboro' Dale, is one of them; here are his own words:

"I was nearly mad with stomach pain; I took a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and it was wonderful how quickly the pain left me. Now I am not afraid to eat anything, because a dose puts me right in a minute or two."

Lucky Mr. Grist! But it isn't good fortune: it's just common sense. *You* can share this unhoped-for release from suffering. Make sure that your next attack of stomach pain or discomfort, whatever the cause, finds you prepared to stop it within a few minutes. Recent medical research and X-ray photographs of actual cases have proved the ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to be the quickest-acting and most effective known to medical science. Get a 1/3 bottle from your chemist now. Ask for 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA and you will get the *sure* stomach remedy—there is only one 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA.

I Guarantee TO END SHINY NOSE or you don't pay a penny

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY of a NEW KIND OF FACE POWDER

Now woman's eternal problem of ugly shiny nose and greasy-looking skin has been solved by science. After years of research, French chemists have discovered an amazing new ingredient called 'Double Mousse'. This is blended with the finest 7 times silk-sifted powder by the new Tokalon process. That is why you can apply New Poudre Tokalon once in the morning and be free from shiny nose all day long, whatever you are doing. It is the one powder that gives a 'matt finish' complexion that neither wind, rain nor perspiration can spoil. See for yourself to-day the fascinating, girlish beauty the New Poudre Tokalon can give you. It is *guaranteed* to end ugly skin-shine, or your money refunded. 6d. and 1/- a box.

Acute Nervous Indigestion PHOSFERINE 'Put New Life in Me'

NOW— 'A Different Woman'

Mrs. C. Johnson, writes:—"I have been run down and depressed for a long period, suffering from nervous indigestion and blood-pressure, and had also gone *off my food.* Three weeks ago a friend bought me a bottle of Phosferine, and since taking it I am a different woman. I look forward to my meals now, my sleep is much better, I feel brighter and my head much clearer. Phosferine seems to put *new life* into me. I can say my General Health is much improved, and I am also getting rid of my flatulency—Phosferine works wonders and I am recommending it to my friends." *47, Birtsall Rd., S. Tottenham, N.15.*

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS (1 BRAND TONIC)

Influenza	Gastric Pains	Sleeplessness	Rheumatism	Neuralgia
Lassitude	Debility	Exhaustion	Headache	Maternity Weakness
Brain Fag	Indigestion	Nerve Shock	Sciatica	Anæmia

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

"John Bull" Guarantee.

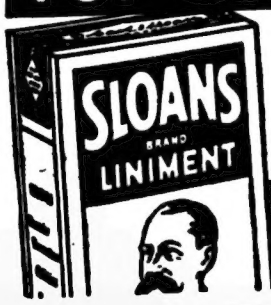
EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED. Proprietors of "John Bull."

for CHEST COLDS



Colds yield to the stimulating action of Sloans. Apply to the chest and back and round the throat. The relief will amaze you.

1/9 per bottle at all Chemists and Stores

SLOANS

LATEST AMBRON BARGAINS

For the Not-so-Slim

A graceful Frock for the fuller figure, introducing the single rever, which is quite new. Modelled in fast dye Twill Back Velveteen, it has a roomy 4-gored skirt. Chromium-rimmed buttons trim the bodice, and there is a detachable ivory Satin vest. Finished with all-round belt and button. Specially made and sent on home approval for first payment of 1/6, balance by monthly instalments of 2/6. (See Coupon). You should not miss this opportunity.

HIPS: 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56 in.
LENGTHS: 44, 46, 48, 50 in. (52 in., 2/6 extra).
COLOURS: Brazil Brown, Bottle, Wine, Navy, Black.

1/6 WITH ORDER.

As each garment is specially made for each customer, there will be a delay of a few days in delivery

Full **13/11** Price

Send Coupon Now.

D.R. 113 BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, Frock No. D.R. 113 at present Bargain Price of **13/11.**

Hip Measure ..... Length.....

Colour .....

I enclose **1/6** deposit, together with **6d.** for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of **2/6.** If not satisfied and I return the Frock, unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit. **Enclose Coupon with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and Postal Order crossed thus / / in ink.**

Overseas full cash only.
John Bull, 14/12/35. No. 509.

Post your order to:—
AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 509, Ambron House, 66, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

ONLY 1/-

Deposit is necessary with the Special Coupon below.

This charming Afternoon Model is made in good quality Art-Silk Marocain, every detail equalling a garment sold at 21/-. The skirt has good width, cut entirely on the cross, and the latest effect has been obtained by the generously gauged collar which is finished with two mirror buttons.

Send now and judge value at home. Deposit is only 1/-, with instalments, if preferred. (See Coupon.)

SIZES: SW. 44, 46 W. 46, 48, 50 WX. 49. (WX. 1/- extra).

COLOURS: Bottle Green, Old Rose, Jubilee Blue, Nigger Brown, Black, Navy.

Special Bargain Price 9/11

Easy Terms cost no extra. Balance may be paid 2/- monthly.

K 437 BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, a Model K.437 Frock, at Present Bargain Price. My measurements are:—

Size..... Length..... Colour.....

I enclose **1/-** deposit, with **6d.** postage, and will remit balance of **9/11** either in one sum or by monthly instalments of **2/-** each. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit. **Enclose Coupon with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and Postal Order crossed thus / / in ink.**

Overseas full cash only.
John Bull, 14/12/35. No. 509.

Post your Order at once to:—
AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 509, Ambron House 66, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

"I'm so worried ABOUT JIM'S COUGH

It's Hung On So, He Can't Seem To Shake It Off, He's Quite Run-Down & So Pale & Thin"

Yes, thousands of worried wives, and harassed mothers too, are wondering what to do about the usual crop of family coughs!

Even a slight cough is a cause for concern—it can so easily turn into a chronic winter cough. And when a cough is BAD, every second's delay is dangerous. All coughs need instant treatment with Venos Lightning Cough Cure. Relief comes with the first dose, serious complications are averted.

Cures your Cough or Costs you Nothing.

Obtain a bottle of Venos Lightning Cough Cure AT ONCE. If it doesn't stop your cough return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester and your money will be refunded immediately.

—*Coughs*
—*Colds, 'Flu*
—*Asthma*
—*Bronchitis*
—*Catarrh*
—*Whooping Cough*
—*Children's Coughs*

Sold Everywhere

VENOS BRAND **Lightning COUGH CURE**

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, 'Flu. 11½d., 1/3 & 3/- per Bottle.

MEET the NEW 'BULLETS' CHAMPION!

Shop-keeper's Third First Prize

A WEEK or two ago, writes a JOHN BULL representative, I recorded on this page my chat with a competitor who had won a *Bullets* First Prize with his very first attempt.

Now comes a story in striking contrast to that of Mr. J. Bird, 94, Wayman Street, Sunderland. Let me tell you about Mr. A. G. Faulkner, 168, Cowie Street, Exeter, who has just won *Bullets* First Prize for the third time!

* * *

Exeter readers who follow my footsteps to 168, Cowie Street, will find there a flourishing tobacconist's and newsagent's shop. And I believe that they will be greeted by Mr. Faulkner, the cheery young proprietor, with just as much enthusiasm as he welcomed me.

"Before I won my second First Prize I was a joiner by trade," he told me. "But then I invested the cash from my two successes in this business and I'm glad to say it's doing well."

But however well a business is doing, capital for development is always a boon. And Mr. Faulkner intends that this business of his which was secured with JOHN BULL prize-money shall have most of the benefit of his latest success.

We went on to chat about the *Bullet* which has just placed this enterprising man at the top of our prize-list yet again, the sparkling effort, WAGGING TONGUES —"DEVILS" INSIDE "PEARLY GATES."

"I liked the *Example*," Mr. Faulkner recalled, "and as I thought of 'tongues,' 'mouth' and 'teeth' occurred to me. Then came the idea of the evil some tongues can do, and so I got to 'devil.' Then I contrasted 'devil' with 'angel,' eventually thought of 'pearly gates,' and so the line was completed."

From a man who has performed the *Bullets* "hat-trick" for what I believe to be the first time it has been done in the 23 years of our Competition, a message to would-be winners comes with the weight of many pounds of prize-money behind it.

"The best advice I can give to my fellow competitors is this," were his words. "Follow the hints given weekly in *Bullets Bulletin* and the printed prize-lists. Enter regularly—lose cheerfully—study assiduously—and win eventually!"

* * *

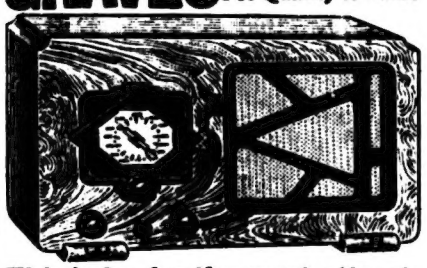
Now for the happy sequel to this story. At the Children's Home, Exeter, where destitute kiddies are living, preparations are in hand for one of the biggest and best Christmas Trees which money can buy, loaded with toys of all kinds. And when Mr. Faulkner calls there on the great day to see these youngsters whom he has nominated for this Christmas Celebration presented by JOHN BULL, his visit will be on behalf of the whole warm-hearted family of "Bulleteers."

Who will say that he has not richly earned the privilege of thus being JOHN BULL'S ambassador to the Court of King Christmas?

* * *

Follow Mr. Faulkner to the top of the prize ladder this week and, besides a £500 fortune, JOHN BULL will pay you £5 a week throughout 1936—for the easiest job in the world! Turn to those *Examples* opposite and you may well win that unique First Prize.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



This is by far the most attractive Wireless value ever offered. THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SCREENED GRID SELF-CONTAINED BATTERY-DRIVEN 3-VALVE RECEIVER gives all you want in Radio, at a price and on Terms you can easily afford.

It is a Set of great power and proved efficiency, simple in operation and dependable in results. Every component is the best of its class, including Iron-Cored Multi-Wire Coils, Double Circuit Tuning, Silver-plated Contact Switches, Full Vision Illuminated Dial, British Valves, 120-volt H.T. Battery, large capacity 2-volt plate type Accumulator, Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of Nickel Aluminium type, All Steel Chassis, Tastefully designed Cabinet in two shades of Walnut: 18|x10x9|. Everything complete, including Aerial and Earth Equipment—nothing else to buy. The whole outfit safely packed & Carriage Paid to destination. **£7.12.0**

Terms: 8/- now and 18 monthly payments of 8/-.

8/- NOW

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. J. W. M., Lower Gornal, writes:—"The Wireless Set is better than I expected. I have given it a good testing, and am more than pleased with results. I say it is more than you claim it to be."

Mr. E. D. of Birmingham, writes:—"I am still using the Set you made for me exactly 10 years ago, and I assure you that reception is as good as ever. We have never had a real breakdown with it, and for 3 years I haven't had to examine it for any shortcomings."

Mr. S. C. of Walsall, writes:—"I should like to testify to the excellent service your 'Vulcan' Set has given us since 1931, and it is still holding its own. No praise is too high for your goods, and I am always pleased to say, 'It's from Graves of Sheffield'."

Mr. T. A. of Sunderland, writes:—"It is a splendid Set and worth every halfpenny of the money. The results are magnificent, and people who have heard it voice the same opinion."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

WHAT EXACTLY IS CATARRH?

Doctors say that catarrh is one of the most dangerous of unsuspected diseases. Four out of five people suffer from it in some form. Usually it begins with a simple cold. Then it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, nose, throat, lungs and stomach, whence its poison spreads all over the system.

There is one sure way to end catarrh. Ordinary medicines cannot reach the infected parts, but Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes will. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs, and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing, antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system.

How to Prove It

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, &c., get a packet at any chemist to-day or just send a postcard or the coupon below, and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try.

FREE PACKET

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

(Print with pencil very, very plainly.)

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 1,007

First Prize: £500, plus £500 Bonus as announced:

A. H. HILLIER, 137, Highfield Road, Rushden, Northants.

Example: FOR CHRISTMAS

Bullet: MUCH CORRESPONDENCE—ONE "MESSAGE"

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

S. G. DORBER, 12, Albert Street, Lower Broughton, Salford.

Example: Result Of The Election

Bullet: Handsome Majority. "Handsome Is——"

THIRD PRIZE £25:

D. TWEEDALE, 28, Andrew Street, Bury, Lancs.

Example: Grandma Britannia

Bullet: Bemoaning Poor Old *Fleet!*

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: S. HUGGINS, c/o 14, Woodstock Street, Reading, Berks.
For Christmas—Hundredweight Often "Lifts Ton."

£18: F. C. MONCUR, 7, Wellington Road, Hawick, Roxburghshire.
Cry In The Night—Echoing Still, "Peace—Goodwill—"

£16: E. STOCKDALE, 13, Cannon Street, Brighton.
War To The Knife—Better, Mars To Guillotine!

£14: Miss I. CHURCHILL, 135, Cheriton Road, Folkestone.
Crushing Defeat—Yields "Wine Of Success."

£12: E. DAVEY, No. 1, Council House, Mill Lane, Woolpit, near Bury St. Edmunds.
In Geneva—Still Hope—"Steel" Hopeless.

£10: J. L. ATTWOOLL, 30, Lorne Road, Southsea.
For Christmas—Let's Overwork *Poor's* Postmen.

£9: A. M. WARDELL, 200, Norwood, Beverley, Yorks.
Time To Strike—You've "Hammered" Opponents, Baldwin!

£8: F. BRAY, 94a, Freedom Road, Sheffield.
Barred Sleep, Until Mind "Freed."

£7: E. G. FOLEY, 66, Caer Park Drive, Newport, Mon.
Office Optimist—Replaced By Boss's "Hopeful."

£6: Miss G. K. MEARNS, 17, Bramford Avenue, Fulham, S.W.
Lit The Fire — Unemployment — Fanned "Blaze." Prison.

10 OF £5 EACH:

J. W. ACTON, 342, Evelyn Street, Deptford, S.E.
Mud—Motorists—One Splashed Auntie!

Miss E. BEANEY, Liverton, Sandway, Maidstone.
Mud—Holding My Car Together!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. L. CHAPMAN, 21, St. Margaret's Road, Doncaster, Yorks.
New Member—First-class "Passenger" Entering "Sleeper."

J. DAVENPORT, Rose Bank, Carr Lane, Hambleton, Lancs.
New Member—Answered Election's *First* Letter.

J. FOLEY, 27, Newport Road, Manchester.
For Christmas—Look Into *Nearby's* "Stores"!

A. KELLY, 7, Main Street, Portnush, N. Ireland.
His Black Eye—"Mourning" Court "Went Into."

J. K. OLIVANT, 30, Brooklands Crescent, Sheffield.
Office Optimist — Pussy — Introduces Fun "Juniors"!

Mrs. E. L. PHELPS, 36, Constance Street, Newport, Mon.
Result Of The Election—"So She *Is* Twenty-one!"

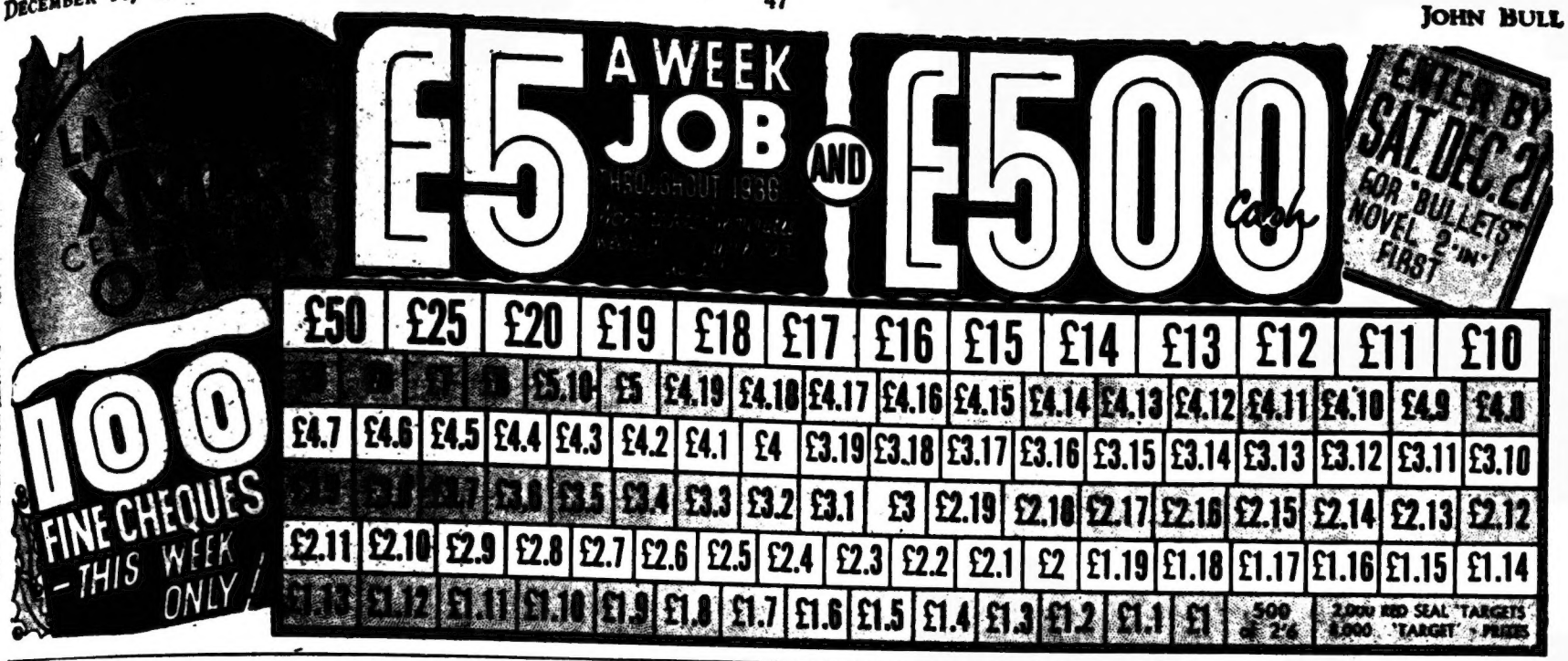
F. E. SMITH, 38, Malins Road, Portsmouth.
Lit The Fire—"Burning" In Gates, Woodlands.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. SOUTER, 26, Rosslyn Terrace, Sunderland.
To Clear Up The Mess—Get *Bunkers'* Shovels Busy!

Each of the above winners who complied with the conditions as announced will receive a "Bullets" "Season Ticket," value over £2 12s.

A list of 200 Turkey and 807 Christmas Cake winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.



LAST HUGE OFFER OF 'BULLETS' XMAS CELEBRATION CHEQUES!

FOR one **week only you have 100 final opportunities** to secure a substantial Christmas **Celebration** cheque in exchange for a few simple words.

No more ***Bullets*** **prizes to celebrate** Christmas, 1935, will be offered after this week's **splendid prize-list and you have only a few days in which to prepare** your entry.

Send JOHN BULL **the best effort of the week and the New Year will bring you not only a £500 fortune, but also the easiest job in the world, with a salary of £5 a week throughout the next twelve months!**

Congratulations will be flashed to the winner of this **unique 2-in-1 First Prize** in a golden **Joy Wire a few days after** Closing Date **and JOHN BULL'S Cashier** will then **get busy preparing those 100** Christmas **Celebration Cheques.**

Start on your **efforts without delay,** therefore, for **a fine Christmas Celebration cheque cannot be yours unless your** entry reaches **Long Acre within the next** few days.

HOW TO MAKE 'BULLETS'

TO make a ***Bullet,*** **read through the** *Examples* **and jot down all the ideas** they bring to your mind.

Never mind how obvious these ideas may appear or how crudely you word them at first. Your next step is to improve their phrasing and by neat arrangement of simple words you will soon find yourself transforming those first rough jottings into sparkling ***Bullets*** consisting of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

Suppose, for instance, you were struck by the *Example* NEW RECRUIT. Starting with the rough note, ***Baby—Wakes Us Up At Night,*** you could readily progress to the finished ***Bullet,*** NEW RECRUIT—"SOUNDS REVEILLE"—AT MIDNIGHT!

Before starting on your own efforts, study the varying styles of the successful efforts on the previous page and you will see what a broad scope you have to express your ideas in ***Bullets*** form.

Now, settle down to your own prize ***Bullets,*** making sure that your efforts reach the judges by Saturday, Dec. 21.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

PROSPEROUS YEAR
FRESH START
EVERY BRITON
AS THINGS ARE
MARKED IMPROVEMENT
OUR CHAMPION
READY FOR ANYTHING
LAW OF THE JUNGLE
SWEPT ASIDE
HE'S A DREAMER, SO
RICH UNCLE
OFFICIALLY
CRUMB OF COMFORT
THE TIME MAY COME WHEN
HEART AND SOUL
COMMON TALK
ON THE EIGHT-FIFTEEN
FATHER'S BARGAIN
MADE THE SERGEANT BLUSH
NO ANSWER
SHREWDLY
NEW RECRUIT
MOTHER LOVES
HIS PROMISE
MADE NO MISTAKE
HIS LAST PENNY
ON THE NAIL
EXHAUSTED
VOTE OF THANKS
IGNORING THE RISKS
SOUND OF THE SYREN
DUTY'S CALL
FROM THE FRONT
MAN SHE'S AFTER
WORK, WORK, WORK
TIRED OF TALKING

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,006 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. G. Faulkner, 168, Cowick Street, Exeter.

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with TWO BIG PRIZE COMPETITIONS! USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" "APT-WORDS"

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Apt-words Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,011) Closing SAT., Dec. 21. P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,011) Closing SAT., Dec. 21. P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,011) Closing SAT., Dec. 21. P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

"BULLETS" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,011) Closing SAT., Dec. 21. P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,011) Closing SAT., Dec. 21. P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. **Signed** ..... **Address** .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1, respectively, will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,011 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,011, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

Why are they so sure to Enjoy XMAS

THEY'RE healthy, happy, and attractively slim, and are certain to enjoy every minute of their Holidays—the dances, parties and general festivities—all because they take their nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counteract fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and slim.

Start taking Bile Beans to-night, and so make sure of being at your best for Christmas.

XMAS FARE

Don't forget a nightly dose of Bile Beans will help you to enjoy, and to do real justice to the plum puddings, turkeys, and mince pies.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, and can be taken with perfect safety by young and old alike.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Every Night Take

BILE BEANS

To Look & Feel Your Best

186 B 139

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A 158